

SPRING DAYS IN TWO HEMISPHERES



ISABELLA H. MATHEWS



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BY
ISABELLA H. MATHEWS



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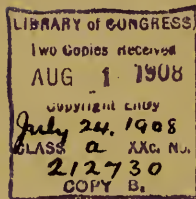
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To My Uncle
George W. Brackenridge
Who Made These Spring Days
a Pleasant Reality

ACKNOWLEDGMENT

To Colonel and Mrs. A. L. Varney, to Miss Marion B. Fenwick, and to Miss M. Eleanor Brackenridge I am indebted for offerings to the contents of this little volume. It seems most fitting that their enjoyment of our delightful jaunt together should be expressed in their own interesting narratives.

I. H. M.

SPRING DAYS IN TWO HEMISPHERES

EN ROUTE FROM SAN ANTONIO TO HONOLULU,
October 1, 190—.

ON the rear platform of a west-bound Pullman we stood, a party of four, watching the fast receding forms of friends and relatives. With our arms filled with flowers, candy, and books, and our eyes bright with anticipation, we had set out to overtake Spring on her yearly pilgrimage around the world, and to travel hand in hand with her over land and sea. Belting the earth seemed, at the beginning of our journey, a gigantic undertaking, but perils which then loomed threateningly as we parted from our loved ones were to become dwarfed as the days passed.

After the dusty plains of Texas, New Mexico, and Arizona, California's orange and lemon groves were welcome at this season of the year. We could not tarry at the winter resorts so enticingly scattered along the way, but, resolving to return at some future date, continued the journey, unbroken, to San Francisco—a delightful place in which to make preparations for a lengthy ocean voyage, and, too, an excel-

lent appetizer for the Orient. Chinatown's narrow streets and enchanting shops, its theatre, and its joss and tea houses, claimed all our attention, crowding out of our programme many interesting excursions within the city and along the coast.

After a touching farewell from the servants of the Palace Hotel, regretting that we could not have more than five days in the city of hills, we drove to the Oceanic steamship pier and went aboard the ship which was to be our home for nearly three weeks. The stewards deftly arranged our modest luggage in the proper corners of the ample staterooms; we donned cap and jacket, promenaded the upper deck, and watched the crew making final preparations for the journey to Australia. Though armed with the latest and best remedies for *mal-de-mer*, we felt misgivings in our hearts, for the sky was gray and lowering. The news of an inauspicious happening reduced our spirits to zero. An outward bound steamer had been wrecked the previous week, and her rescued passengers now swelled the Sonoma's list to its full capacity.

The hurrying of passengers aboard, and friends ashore, was soon over. We were loosed from the pier, and the good ship plowed her way through the Golden Gate before night, and a heavy mist enveloped us.

We will mercifully pass over, without comment, the next two days. At the end of this time, the storm had subsided. Forlorn passengers, one by one, made their appearance upon deck.



OFF FOR AUSTRALIA

The sun shone warm and bright; the waves, beaten down into a placid calm, looked quite innocent of the past tumult within and without the ship. Soon the voyagers were chatting to occupants of neighboring steamer chairs, speculating as to the ship's run of the day, or idly watching the flying-fish. As they became invigorated by the bracing salt breeze and sea baths, they entered heartily into games of quoits and cricket; and card parties, dancing, and the usual concerts, whiled away the evening hours.

The majority of the Sonoma's passengers were English: first, there was a large sheep owner of New Zealand; then the Most Popular Opera Singer of Australia; the typical Englishman with his monocle; a Socialist; a Catholic priest; an African missionary; a Member of Parliament; and not a few commercial travellers. The only Americans besides ourselves were the Daniel B. Nugents, of St. Louis. This delightfully genial family thawed the cold exterior of every Englishman aboard. We imagined ours to be the jolliest set of passengers that had traversed the blue Pacific since many a voyage.

On the seventh day, we were threading in and out of the Hawaiian Islands. Mother Earth looked fair indeed. We set off for a day ashore, even before the Sonoma was fast tied up at the dock.

MID-PACIFIC OCEAN, October 15, 190—.

"Honolulu the Beautiful," an appropriate name for the gem of the mid-Pacific, with its tropical

growth of mangoes, breadfruit, and cocoanuts. Date palms were fruiting or blooming in clustering bunches of tiny yellow flowers; hedges pink and red, with hibiscus and geraniums, added sweetness and coloring to the exquisite picture that greeted us.

The traveller must dine at an Hawaiian café with a menu consisting of native dishes. Alligator-pear cocktails, fish cooked in ti-leaves, a native salad, and cocoanut ice cream made of the fresh milk make a meal sure to be relished by the most jaded palate. As we sipped a cup of coffee and tasted the fruits and sweets, native women sang to us plaintive airs accompanied by the ukeke, a diminutive guitar of four strings. Leis of flowers, pink, red, and white, encircled the necks of the singers. It is a custom in Hawaii to present these strings of blossoms to friends returning from or beginning a journey. We discovered this when the Sonoma came into harbor; the men, as well as the women, were gaily decorated. I was disappointed that I did not catch a glimpse of Queen Liliuokalani, but was consoled with copies of some quaint songs composed by her.

Of course, we drove to the Pali—all strangers do,—where the wind blows strong and cold from over the sea, defying hat-pins and hair-pins. We endeavored to talk, but could not hear each other above the wild wind and waves. History states that during the wars between the island chiefs, Kamehameha I. drove the Oahu troops over the bluff; and that prior to 1820, here before a sacred stone, the natives



NUUANU PALI, NEAR HONOLULU

made offerings to their gods of Lightning, Wind, Sea, and Sky. The four chief gods were Kane, Kanaloa, Ku, and Lono. Pele, the goddess of volcanoes, who with her family lived in the mouth of the crater, was especially to be feared. When Christianity came to the islands, Kailu must have fled to India to live with the gods there. The names Kailu and Kali closely resemble each other, and their bloodthirsty dispositions would seem to make of the two a congenial pair.

At tea-time we called on our friends the Joseph Carters to say good-bye. These acquaintances of shipboard added much to our enjoyment, and also gave us something of an insight into modern Hawaiian life, the nature of which is not to be learned from books. Loyalty to Hawaii is in the very air one breathes; every resident, whether of native or foreign birth, catches its spirit. This may not be true of some sixty thousand Japanese and Chinese who live in Honolulu, but it is certainly true of the descendants of the missionaries to Hawaii.

We took our departure with reluctance. It would have been joy to roam at will from island to island, daily learning more of the legend of their past. After another seven days' sailing in open ocean, we awoke one morning to find ourselves on the outer fringe of the East Indies.

Though infinitesimal on the map of our world, these Samoan islands deserve a place in my narrative. In a cocoanut grove stretched upon a hillside are the

grass huts of Pago Pago. Below them the Sonoma anchored in the sheltered horseshoe harbor, and we eagerly called for canoes to take us ashore. The arrival of a steamer in the harbor marks a red-letter day for the natives. As we stepped on shore, the carefree, happy people merrily displayed fans, beads, and mats for sale. We did not turn away empty-handed. The natives are lovers of vivid color and light hair. One bronzed, muscular fellow, tattooed all over his body, had a flaming hibiscus just behind each ear, and his kinky hair was glued tight to his skull with a paste made of baby-powder. At Pago Pago a Lieutenant of the United States Army with his wife and baby left us. On this wee isle of the Pacific they were to have their home for two years, isolated with only a handful of human beings, mostly natives. This, to my mind, was no less heroic than missionarying in Darkest Africa.

AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND, November 22, 190—.

Reaching New Zealand on the eighteenth day of October, we met spring weather and spring flowers. The orchards were in bloom, and summer was approaching. On the countryside, nasturtiums and calla lilies grew in wild confusion with broom, gorse, and hawthorn. The green pastures were covered with sheep, some already shorn, some just ready for shearing.

Auckland is a progressive town of over 60,000 inhabitants. The hospitality of New Zealand equals

that of the Old South. We had the pleasure of meeting the "Grand Old Man," Sir John Campbell, and were entertained at his beautiful residence, Kylbride-by-the-Sea. Cornwall Park, one of the most beautiful natural parks in the world, is the gift of Sir John Campbell to the people of New Zealand. We went with him to see its loveliness from various viewpoints especially loved by the donor, and before leaving we drank a cup of tea in a rustic arbor—a toast, "Long life and a happy one to our host." Many other colonists in a generous spirit welcomed the American party to their homes.

The Auckland Museum deserves no small part of the traveller's time. Naturally the Maori collection attracts those interested in the history of New Zealand. In the exhibit is a war canoe eighty-two feet long, inlaid with mother-of-pearl and elaborately carved. This characteristic carving was used by the Maoris in decorating the interior of all houses of entertainment, the exteriors of store-houses, the handles of battle-axes and their crude cooking utensils and green stone tikis. The Maori chiefs wore robes made entirely of kiwi feathers, of which there were some handsome examples in the Exhibit. These aborigines of New Zealand are not unlike the Mexican Indians and are almost entirely confined to their reservation, Kingsland. One of their customs, laughable to us, is that of greeting one another by rubbing noses. Another, prevalent among the women, is that of tattooing their chins—a process which

does not add to their beauty. The Maori language contains but fourteen letters—a, e, i, o, u, g, h, k, m, n, r, t, p, w,—but I assure you these form jaw-breaking words.

Having decided upon a three weeks' tour of the North Island, we took the train for Rotorua, dropping off at Okararire for a day. The beautiful natural baths and excellent trout fishing of Okararire attract many thither. The bracken-covered hills of the English novelist are actually there to be seen, and flowering snow-balls, wistaria, and purple and white iris; and just over the garden wall are vegetable beds producing peas, cauliflower, asparagus, and the like. What more could one wish for in October?

We found in New Zealand a word new to us—"southerly"—which is the equivalent of a "norther" in Texas. One of these "southerlies" met us in Rotorua, straight from the snow mountains of the South Island.

This is the beginning of the Thermal Regions, so often compared with Yellowstone Park. Geysers were spouting and the ground smoking from Old Nick's fires. The guides are Maoris, a settlement of whom live at Whakarewarewa, a suburb of Rotorua. The natives bake their bread and boil their fish with the heat provided by nature's boiling springs. They also take hot baths in the open air, as composedly as though they were living in the Garden of Eden. The baths of Rotorua are supposed



KYLBRIE-BY-THE-SEA, AUCKLAND, NEW ZEALAND

to have valuable medicinal qualities. The wind which whistles through the chinks and cracks of the rude bath-houses, however, chills much of one's enthusiasm for the beneficial clime.

At the same hotel with us was Lieutenant-General Corbin, at that time commanding in the Philippines, who was sojourning in Rotorua for his health. With him were Mrs. Corbin, his aide Major Babbitt, and Mrs. Babbitt. General Corbin commanded at Fort Sam Houston before the Spanish-American War. We also ran across the Nugents, who were taking the same side-trips as ourselves. To meet these Americans so soon again in Rotorua made us feel that the world was not so large after all.

An ideal excursion is to spend a day on the waters of the twin lakes Rotorua and Rotoete. We went ashore twice, once to see the Hamurana Springs, which are much like the Blue Springs of the San Antonio River; and once at a wee spot called Okere. A walk of half an hour from Okere brought us out on an overhanging cliff, surrounded by a tropical New Zealand forest. A mighty river, dashing along over rocks and through chasms, sent thundering echoes from cliff to cliff. Nature in its pure and primitive state was before us and around us, untouched by the hand of man. It so affected us that then and there the controversy as to our next side-trip was settled in favor of a coaching journey into the growing life and heart of New Zealand's bush.

Our first stop the following morning was Tikitere.

I never thought on a tour of the face of the earth to find Hell's Gate and the Inferno, but we saw them at Tikitere, and spent the night there, too. It was not uncomfortably warm. The names given to the boiling springs and mud-geysers of New Zealand are, as a rule, more suggestive than those in the Yellowstone, although at Waitapu there are "Primrose Terraces" and "Champagne Pools" for timid persons wishing to be soothed and sustained. We continued undaunted, feeling sure that the worst was over.

Twenty-six miles from Waitapu, sheltered by the surrounding mountains and very nearly hidden in the pines, was Wiaraki, a typical Maori name. The place consists of a handful of houses, most of them hotels. It is in the centre of the great geyser valley. Here we came to see the Great Wiaraki, the Crow's-Nest, and other geysers set in a fairy-like dell between two high cliffs, up and down which one climbs with the assistance of a guide and a stout staff. The Arrateatea Falls of the Waikato River, which fully deserve their fame, divide honors with the Karatiti Blow Hole, which is also in this vicinity. This immense cavity continually blows out steam from the bowels of the earth, amid a constant rumble as of thunder. It is sometimes called the "Safety Valve of New Zealand."

We continued the journey to Taupo, twenty miles distant. The coach-road followed the Waikato River, which, before reaching Taupo, flows through



GEYSER PLAYING AT WHAKAREWAREWA

a narrow chasm and forms the Huka Falls. We spent the night at the Spa, a rustic hotel which crouches under a bluff near Taupo. We climbed the bluff heroically, to see the last geyser, for here one bids farewell to the Thermal Region. From across Lake Taupo one sees a group of snow-capped mountains—Tongariro, Nganruhoe, and Ruapehu. I can bear testimony to the fact that this little lake rivals the English Channel in roughness.

Have you ever ridden seven hours in an open rig, through mud up to the hubs, with the rain coming down at intervals in torrents? That was our experience on the last day of our coaching trip. When we felt the first sprinkle, we arose as one person and tightly wrapped our steamer rugs about us, so that we looked like a group of American Indians. The task of holding our umbrellas up straight and avoiding a tumble into the mud kept us fully occupied. In the afternoon, however, the sun tantalizingly broke through the clouds and the road for a time became more bearable. Then we looked about us and realized that we were passing the most unusual scenery of all this wonderful trip, in a region well described by its name—"The Gorgeous Forest of the Waimarine." Strange birds in lofty branches warbled plaintively; giant tree-ferns grew upon the mountain-sides; and blooming parasites vied with each other in color and size. All the way the road ran beside a swollen mountain-stream. About four o'clock the driver, whose good-humor had vanished

with the coming of the rain, condescended to tell us that we were nearing Pipireki. This we found to be a charming little summer resort just waking up for the season. Muddy from head to foot, we tumbled out of the wagonette upon the hotel veranda. The visitors had congregated to see who the new arrivals were, and doubtless dubbed us "those eccentric Americans."

Pipireki in itself is of little interest, though picturesquely situated upon the banks of the Wanganui River. The Wanganui is a clear and broad stream, flowing through a new country peopled by Maoris. After a day of rest, we boarded one of the tiny steamers that ply between Pipireki and the coast, and enjoyed a day on this "Rhine of New Zealand." "But," as one writer so aptly comments, "these banks are not the result of centuries of civilization, they have no ruined castles, walled cities, vineyards, or cultivated landscapes. The Wanganui has beauty of naturalness, freshness, and restfulness."

ADELAIDE, AUSTRALIA, December 14, 190—.

We were met here by homefolks, thousands of miles from home, on the pier at Sydney. And what a happy meeting it was! This was the half of our party which had started first and which for three weeks had been waiting in Australia for our coming. Questions and answers, messages, letters, newspapers—all the news of home had to come before a bit of sightseeing was undertaken.



MANDERVILLE HALL, MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA

If an American were dropped unawares in New Zealand, he would say at once, "This is not my native soil." But Australia, to us, is another United States. Even the faces of those one passes in the streets look almost familiar. And perhaps we should have felt equally at home in Sydney, if we could have become used to the way in which the carriages, carts, and street-cars there reversed the order of things as we know it—going up the left instead of the right side of the street. To us this seemed topsy-turvy, and we constantly expected traffic to become congested.

In Sydney, the oldest and best city of Australia, the shops are excellent, though they are six months behind the rest of the world in style, because of the reversed seasons. But even if the spring hats in the windows were exact facsimiles of my last April one, I must admit that we have nothing to compare in our country with Sydney's great organ, on which public recitals are given weekly. On the afternoon when we went, the programme was exceptionally fine.

Sydney's botanical gardens are very good; one can roam in them at will upon curving paths, and see many rare specimens of plants, trees, and shrubs. Adjacent to the botanical gardens is the Zoo, and naturally the interest of the party centred in the kangaroo, the duck-billed platypus, and the emu. It has been said that "the Australian birds have no song, the flowers no perfume, and the trees shed their bark instead of their leaves." All of this is quite true, most certainly the first; for upon this particu-

lar occasion a cockaborrow, or laughing jackass, awoke a hundred sleeping parrots who, frantically flapping their wings, tried in discordant concert to outdo that one small bird, but their efforts were in vain.

There is a remarkable public garden in Sydney called The Domain or People's Parliament. Here every crank—social, political, or religious—may air his hobby unmolested to his heart's content. The place is usually filled with a moving crowd, reminding one by its size and good-nature of the people at a country fair. They drift from one platform to another, listening to the discourses of the speakers. We saw no women champions of any cause, though Sydney is the home of the Liberal League and the Political Education League, two political organizations of women. More than forty thousand members of these live in Sydney alone, and there are many out-of-town members as well. We met socially the presidents, Miss Rose Scott and Mrs. Montaux Parks, and a hundred other women more or less prominent in politics. Without an exception we found them cultured, refined, and even brilliant women. Miss Vida Goldstein, an intellectual young woman of Melbourne, is president of the Women's Political Association and editor of a monthly magazine. At the First International Woman's Suffrage Convention, which met in Washington, Miss Goldstein, as delegate from New Zealand and Australia, was appointed secretary.

“The men of Australia say that women have noticeably improved political life, that it is cleaner and purer because of them, and that rowdyism flees before them. The women say that they have not found it any more disagreeable to go to a polling place and vote than to go to a shop and buy thread, and that invariably they have been treated with the greatest respect.”

Parliament was in session at Melbourne, and one morning we attended it as the guest of Mr. Thomas Skene. After the meeting had adjourned, we had a pleasant surprise in the form of a luncheon served in one of the upper galleries of Parliament House. Miss Skene, our hostess, was assisted on this occasion by Lady Forrest, wife of Sir John Forrest, treasurer of the Commonwealth of Australia. Twenty prominent members of Parliament, including Prime Minister Deakin, were invited to meet us. I, for one, was not prepared to answer the questions fired from right and left by these wise men. It would have bothered the President himself to have answered some of their queries of national import.

Melbourne is much like San Francisco, a city of hills, with pleasure resorts and hotels along its waterfront. In the colonies, one cannot step outside of one's hotel door without encountering a statue of Queen Victoria. The hotel itself is likely to be named for her, or the theatre toward which you are making your way. If I had been Her Majesty, however, I

think I should have taken some measures to suppress "Victoria Saloons."

On the way to Adelaide, one passes through a varying landscape. A few miles out of Melbourne, Ballarat and the mining district are reached. Passing rapidly through acres of thirsty land, one comes to forests of pine and eucalyptus, of which there are many varieties, growing to a remarkable height. Spring was by this time rapidly giving way to summer, as the fine orchards, vineyards, and grain fields in the cultivated districts testified. Beautiful wild flowers grew near the track, reminding us of the velvety carpets of blue-bonnets (lupines) which stretch over the prairies of Texas in springtime.

Adelaide is a city of numerous parks and playgrounds. On Saturday the shops close at noon, and the healthy colonists, who play as hard as they work, are out for a holiday. The golf links, cricket fields, and tennis courts then overflow with players and spectators. The hotel at which we stayed was just opposite Parliament House. On Saturday the Governor closed Parliament, and we hung over the balcony and enjoyed the pomp and ceremony fully as much as if it had been a circus parade. The bands played, cannons boomed, and enough fuss was made and gold lace flaunted to satisfy the most loyal subject.

On the first day here we met some Fiji islanders. Luckily they were accompanied by a missionary, or we might have run away instead of staying to look



CHRISTMAS DAY ON THE INDIAN OCEAN

them over. They are indeed remarkable people, with their flat noses, thick lips, and extraordinarily bushy hair. Around the neck of one was strung shell money, made of alternate discs of sea-shells and cocoanut-shells. Sperm-whale teeth and vertebræ of snakes are also much in vogue in Fiji as neck ornaments.

In every country the original inhabitant is of peculiar interest; consequently it was disappointing to us not to see a single aborigine of Australia. The baskets of colored grasses made by them are very pretty, and we found them useful on our shopping expeditions. One day in Melbourne, while leisurely sauntering through the Museum, having grown a little weary of boomerangs, darts, spears, knives, and hatchets, our curiosity was aroused by a group of men looking at some object in one of the glass cases. As we approached, they turned away with some embarrassment. In the case was a specimen of an ulpirara, a trumpet with which to charm women. How crude is the savage's substitute for Huyler's and American Beauties!

For the excursion that we made to Mt. Lofty, we chose a clear, cool spring day—delightful, though the wind was a little brisk for automobiling. The ascent is gradual from the time one leaves Adelaide; nearing the summit, we passed many country homes. Australia has almost more than her share of natural picnic grounds. Mt. Lofty is the most attractive of them all.

On the way homeward, we gathered flowers to press, as mementoes of our last day in Australia. On the morrow we were to sail for India.

S. S. MACEDONIA, INDIAN OCEAN,

December 25, 190—.

The Macedonia touched the western coast of Australia for a day at Fremantle, where we took the opportunity of renewing our pleasant relations with our friends the Forrests. They have a charming place at Perth, only a few miles from Fremantle. Sir John was not at home, but Lady Forrest made us very welcome. She is an artist and musician of ability, and very clever with the camera. She grouped the party skillfully on the lawn in front of The Bungalow and took several pictures of us. Meanwhile, the gardener gathered huge bouquets of roses for our staterooms. We planned to meet these friends in London, whither they were shortly to go.

We became again passengers on the big ship Macedonia. There is prevalent in England and the colonies a general feeling that the officers of the P. & O. liners are an extremely dignified and formal group of men. As a matter of fact, however, they were very cordial and hospitable in their relations with our party and we all have the most pleasant memories of them.

It was in this wise: On the twenty-third the *Daily Bulletin* announced a fancy dress dinner and dance



IN NATIVE QUARTERS, COLOMBO

for Christmas Eve, and we, with a Colonel of the United States Army, the only Americans aboard, decided that Columbia must have a representative. But the making of a suitable costume and the decision as to who should wear it devolved upon the feminine portion of the party. They selected "Chica" for the part. As a working foundation for the costume, I unearthed from a "land trunk" a white *point d'esprit* dress. We hoped to make the fancy garnitures from red and blue bunting.

The Purser, as every one knows, is the long-suffering helper of the helpless, and the first resort in time of need. We hurried to his office-cabin, but he could do nothing for us in the way of bunting, and sent us to the First Officer. We made our request of the First Officer, who, smiling, gave us all he had—about a yard of blue and red. We were accosted on deck by the Fifth Officer, who, having heard that we wanted an American flag, in a somewhat shamefaced manner offered me a small silk one. We strongly suspected it to be a gift to him from some American girl on a previous voyage. We accepted the loan of the small emblem for the day.

The ladies congregated in my cabin as the work of decorating the frock began.

"You must have stars to spangle the skirt," said the Colonel's wife.

"And a crown," said the loving Aunt.

As a last resource we visited the barber shop; and,

as we looked over a miscellaneous collection of objects, "Lacy Lucky" spied some chocolate wafers wrapped in silver paper.

"The very thing!" we exclaimed in chorus, and bought the entire supply. From the silver paper and a cardboard box we constructed the crown. The head dining-room steward, our guardian angel, volunteered to make the stars.

The party was kept waiting fully ten minutes for dinner on Christmas Eve, owing to the fact that "Columbia," not being used to regal honors, found it a somewhat lengthy task to make her crown secure; but, when we entered the dining saloon, a ripple of applause circled the room, beginning at the Captain's table, a spontaneous compliment to the land we represented. Many of the costumes there were admirably designed. A beautiful bride, who was travelling to India with her entire bridal party, was dressed like a nun in white sheet draperies, with a rope encircling her waist.

The dance on deck was a huge success. The pianist in his enthusiasm had taken too much of the cup that cheers, but a good-natured passenger volunteered to play impromptu. Columbia endeavored to teach several young Britishers how to two-step, a process more entertaining than instructive. Prizes were awarded for the best costume. The lovely bride received the first prize; the second was given to a young lady who wore a barrister's costume and who told me in confidence that her wig was causing her as much



HOUSE-BOATS ON KELANI RIVER, COLOMBO

trouble as Chica's crown. Only two prizes were to have been given, but a special one—the prettiest of all, many said—was presented to Columbia. It was a little travelling clock, which she still treasures as one of her dearest possessions.

There were ever so many interesting types aboard—rather too many to keep tally of; so Chica contented herself with the society of four young men, brothers and students in Melbourne University. They were on their summer vacation, taking a jaunt through India with their mother. This family of five had been all over the world together. It was a pleasure to listen to their interesting comments, and to see the deference these young men showed their charming mother.

There was also a titled lady aboard, different from others of her kind that we had met. She was a person of whom I had some knowledge from reading. She sat alone on deck, knitting for hours at a time, and addressed none. Nor did she seem to desire conversation, so I for one was content to leave her in peace.

A Christmas Day on the Indian Ocean is vastly different from one on land, with its sleighing and snowballing, and the cold that bites one's fingers and toes. Punkahs, native fans, were being pulled lazily by dusky Indians. We were clad in our crispest white gowns, and the men, following the lead of the ladies, had donned spotless duck suits. The ocean was as still as a mill pond. Scarcely a ripple dis-

turbed its surface save where the Macedonia dipped her bow.

COLOMBO, CEYLON, January 1, 190—.

We reached "the spicy shores of Ceylon" at four in the morning two days after Christmas. The noise and confusion, caused by the coaling of the vessel, and by the vendors coming aboard, would have awakened "The Seven Sleepers"; so we quickly decided to leave our beds and go ashore. On this occasion the usual customs inspection was not rigid, and, on being told that the Bristol Hotel was only a short distance from the pier, we decided to walk there. We regretted the decision, however, no sooner than it was acted upon, for we were besieged on every side by enterprising merchants who spotted us at once as tourists and consequently easy victims.

That one can buy things for a song in Ceylon may be true, but really pretty souvenirs are hard to find. After much haggling and loss of temper, the inexperienced purchaser retires discomfited, with a light purse and carrying away some useless things he does not want; and he realizes that the merchant knows the article to be valueless. This adds insult to injury.

On the first morning we were surrounded and followed by a crowd of little folks begging. One carried a flower which she shyly extended when by chance she caught one of us looking her way; but we feigned indifference, for to give to one meant to give to

others and so attract more followers. By and by "Lacy Lucky" was handed a big stick by an older native, who said, "Beat 'em, Lady, beat 'em." They were unafraid, and conducted us like a bodyguard to the very doors of the hotel.

The Singalese full dress is really a very simple costume, consisting of a cloth wrapped about the waist and falling to the knee, and a turban. Sometimes a derby hat is substituted for the turban, in which case a coat also is usually worn. This combination of civilized dress and native undress is comical. The men are effeminate in their adornment; they wear their hair long and tuck it up with tortoise-shell combs.

A most amazing sight is the washermen beating clothes upon the rocks at the riverside. This is no figure of speech, for when the process of washing is in operation, it reminds one of the Western expression "killing snakes." Imagine a white organdie dress returned from such a flaying!

The mention of snakes brings to mind the crawling things that every traveller expects to find in Ceylon and India. As a matter of fact, three centipedes were the only creatures that disturbed our equanimity while we were there. However, a bird did build a nest in my room.

The following accounts are taken from letters written home: the first is my own; the other two were written by the Aunt and "Lacy Lucky."

Early Morning in Colombo.

To the Cousins:

I wish to write to you about a unique ride that Aunt Ruth and I took at peep o' day; for, as you know, that is the time to go sightseeing in tropical Ceylon. The midday sun is piercing hot, and one unaccustomed to its intense rays must beware.

After a generous cup of tea, we selected, out of a group of beseeching Singalese, who are far worse than our cabmen at home, the two having the least rickety jinrikshas, and were soon on our way. The graceful bronze natives ran on at an easy pace, seemingly tireless. This mode of travel reminds one of baby-carriage days and wheelbarrow rides.

Winding in and out through brightly turbaned groups of happy, carefree natives, and passing near enough to the native carts to reach out and touch the sides of the patient little bullocks, we soon reached the cinnamon gardens. Here we gathered the red beans, which are much like our laurel and which the natives in Ceylon, Honolulu, and throughout the East Indies string for necklaces.

Aunt Ruth, as usual, soon had a crowd of little folk about her, eager and quick to help—brown little fellows, almost unclothed save for their rings, which they wore not only in their ears, but on their toes as well. Many cinnamon trees were in bloom. Their broad, glossy leaves when crushed give forth a delicious odor. We saw also noble banyan, palm, and bamboo trees, and many others unfamiliar to me.

The fruit market was next on our programme, and we found it much like the Mexican ones. In it were sold pineapples, yak-fruit, mangoes, and milk and water cocoanuts, fresh and juicy. The oranges were different from ours both in flavor and size. The wood-apple is indeed very aptly named, for the shell we found hard to break.

While you are on your way to church, we are poking our noses into Buddhist temples, looking at the shrines which enclose the sacred trees, guarded by the four-eyed dog, a creature close akin to the common cur. Natives with noiseless footsteps come and go with offerings of flowers, flags, and oil; yellow-robed priests flit here and there. We rub our eyes and wonder whether this is not all a page from the Arabian Nights.

December 30, 190—.

With carriage and guide, book, map, pencil, and paper, we made an effort this morning to learn something of Ceylon's fruits. We two ladies made our way to the market-place and were soon the centre of a crowd who gathered to watch us, for in this teeming land the natives flock like blackbirds, and with even more noise, at the sight of anything unusual. Simultaneously appeared a native policeman armed with an ebony club and clad in European dress. These officials, as a rule, can speak English and are polite and observant. With his intelligent assistance, we were able to make a good collection

of native fruit. The most useful fruits are the plantain, or banana, and the cocoanut. The most unique is the wood-apple, of which there are two varieties: one, which is very sour, quite round, and of the color of old neglected grass; the other looks and smells like an apple, but there the resemblance ceases. There is no cutting into it with a knife. It took a Singalese with an iron bar and all his strength and grace to break the hard shell and disclose its saffron-colored meat filled with small, gray seed. When ripe, this fruit is delicious. It is semi-glutinous and one eats it with a spoon.

Papi, the fruit of the melon-tree, looks and tastes like a melon with a remote pumpkin ancestry. It is rich in pepsin. The taste is not good, but improves with repeated tests. The pineapples are small. The oranges are delicious when you sample them, but somehow after purchase prove to be insipid lime hybrids.

There are two varieties of palm or cocoanut: the cocoanut with which in its closed or husk state we are all familiar; and the king palm nut, which is of a gold color. It is easily cut with a knife. The contents of one were poured out into a glass for our refreshment and tasted like mild and pleasant lemonade. The jack fruit is an astonishing product, almost startling in its habit of growth. It begins as a small, star-like flower, appearing anywhere on the trunk, the large limbs, or the small boughs of its tree. Jack fruit no larger than thimbles will be

found on a tree a few feet from other jack fruit of ponderous size. In short, in all its phases of growth it shows a wonderful instinct for hanging itself where it will not break off.

Our next excursion was in the shopping district, where we hoped, with the aid of our guide, to acquire a white umbrella and a blouse. The result of this trip was that we returned to the hotel quite dilapidated, without the blouse and with only a small black umbrella, for which we have no use, as a trophy. The noisy vociferations of the guide and the persistence of the merchants wore us out so that we were glad to get away at the small charge of four rupees, nominally for the umbrella.

Fortunately, before reaching the merchandise quarter, we passed through a street in which there were three Hindu temples. They were grotesque in appearance and looked something like children's play-houses—too fantastic, that is to say, to have been made for anything but amusement. Dragons and other creatures in various stages of decay were crawling all over the outside of the oldest temple, which apparently was abandoned, since it contained no gods. The other two temples were, I suppose, of the same design, but the street was so narrow and crowded and, with the exception of a few feet in front of the temples, so unswept that we found it impossible to give them our undivided attention, or to occupy standing-room in the street for the time necessary to inspect them. We tried it another time

on foot, but a crowd of solemn, statuesque natives, dark as ebony, surrounded us each time we halted. So we moved on. The crowds, however, are thoroughly respectful, though in some places the vendors are very importunate.

All through this ride the persistent voice of Chica went on after this fashion: "What is that turban there? What dress has that guide? Oh, say, what is that red cap? There's a white-robed figure, Guide—what nationality? Oh, see the man with the yellow robe! What is he, Guide? Show me another priest. Oh, wait until I make a note. Oh, Aunt Nonie, isn't that fine? Did you say that yellow robe was a Hindu priest? Oh, the white, is it? And the Turk has the red fez? Well, what's the white turban? What's his religion? There's a white cap; what's that religion? What's the religion of that white cap with the red top? See, Aunt Nonie, he has a colored top to his cap. What's his religion?" In fact, Chica, having been a Presbyterian and reared a Methodist, having received attentions from a Jew and the Church of England, and being half-way engaged to a Catholic shows that she is a little confused in the matter of religions. She now claims to be a Buddhist.

January 1, 190—.

What a strange New Year's Day! The electric fans are whirling merrily, and we consider it prudent to remain indoors. At six o'clock, however, the whole



ONE OF THE COLONNADES, MADURA TEMPLE

party went for a 'riksha ride. The sun was just sinking into the sea as we turned into the Galla Face Road. The sky was aglow with a peaceful amber tint, and on the horizon a throne of blue bordered with gold was awaiting to receive the king of day. The whitecaps tossed and broke on the maroon-tinted beach, and the restless waters eternally sang and sighed. The boulevard was filled with handsome turnouts. Many rich natives were out in fine equipages, and their striking costumes, with the bright turbans of their coachmen, made a gay picture. Countless people from many lands, in 'rikshas and on foot, were on the promenade, which is one of the most fashionable in the world.

We turned off and followed the road that skirted Slave Island. It was now growing dark, and the many white buildings—the Hindu temple covered with peacock eyes, the Mohammedan mosque with its crescent tips fired, and the Cathedral with its cross—made a beautiful panorama. Hundreds of lights came out and were mirrored in the water. Soft music filled the air.

The visit to the market resulted in a native fruit dinner on New Year's Eve, much enjoyed by all the party. In the menu were the fruits which I have already described; also a bread-fruit curry, which we all pronounced delicious. The bread-fruit, unlike most strange fruit, does not require cultivated taste for its appreciation. Peg-nuts, too, we had, which when split open resemble butter-beans, and are also

pleasant to the taste. The mangoes have a strong resemblance to the Mexican fruit of the same name, but the seeds are smaller and the meat is more tender.

KANDY, CEYLON, January 1, 190—.

This is New Year's Eve, and the corridor and writing-rooms are filled with men and women writing letters doubtless to friends far away. As it is Sunday, the fakirs are hushed, although they are in evidence and wear an expectant expression.

On Friday night after ten o'clock, the "lay member" and I decided to go to Kandy on the following morning. Our reason for this hasty decision was "rates." Did you ever hear of an American who was not on hand at a bargain sale? We ordered breakfast to be ready at half-past six in the morning; but it took a great amount of prodding to move the dusky procession of obsequious attendants. It was seven o'clock before we got our tea, bread, butter, and plantains, the invariable menu of early breakfast. The hours for early breakfast are from any time in the morning until nine. Regular breakfast is from nine until twelve. Tiffin is from one to two; afternoon tea from four to half-past five; and dinner from seven-thirty to nine. If one wishes so to manage, one can spend most of the time at eating.

After hastily swallowing our cups of real Ceylon tea, we hurried to the tram. Our ignorance of the locality and the fact that the conductor knew no English were the cause of our getting off at the

wrong station, the right one being about five blocks further on.

"We shall not have time to walk," said the "lay member."

"No, indeed," I replied. "We've not a moment to lose."

"Shall we take a 'riksha or a cart drawn by a sacred bull?" asked the "lay member."

Both the 'riksha men and the drivers of the sacred bulls, who were looking on from a distance, understood the situation and began to move down upon us.

"Here," said the "lay member," "let's take this cart. It will never do to say that we have not been drawn at least once by a sacred bull. We want experience, and now is our chance." We jumped in. Our coachman had the eyes of a Neapolitan boy; and he was a pugilist with his feet.

"Hurry up!" said the "lay member" to him. "We must catch the next train." The coachman used his feet vigorously on his beast, kicking first with one foot and then with the other. The animal may have moved, but I did not have my glasses and cannot swear to it.

"Can't you go faster?" inquired the "lay member."

Another kick; two more kicks. "I think we had better walk," I said.

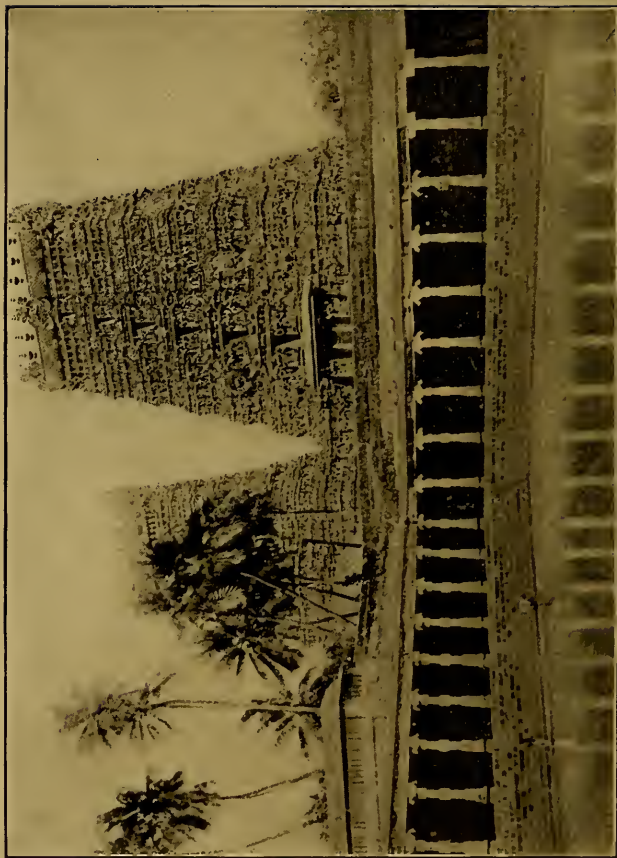
"If you don't get us there in time for the train, we will not pay you a cent," said the "lay member,"

in a most threatening manner, at the same time peering over the dashboard to see whether the animal was really there.

"It wouldn't be so bad," I said, by way of apology for the sacred creature, "if we were not trying to catch a train."

Several more kicks from the boy. I wanted to remind him that he was probably kicking his grandfather, but in the circumstances I thought it might be more expedient to say that perhaps he was getting even with his stepmother. We reached the train in time, but our experience convinced us that, in comparison with a sacred bull, a Texas burro is a "Nancy Hanks."

On the way to Kandy there is much to see. The lowlands are very marshy, and the openings in the cocoanut grove are filled with rice paddis. Many large and strange flowering trees were to be seen in the forest, and the marshes were filled with pink water-lilies. Creeping vines rounded off all angles, and the hillsides appeared to be hung with a green drapery. White cranes hovered over the marshes in great numbers and flickered through the air like huge flakes of snow. The fine wagon road wound in and out through the hills. The whole country teems with life, though scarcely with activity. In the high country, the red hillsides are covered with tea-gardens and are terraced, giving the effect of a rippling, green cascade. Before Kandy is reached, the scenery grows very beautiful, but it is nowhere



TANK OF THE GOLDEN LILIES, MADURA

bold or rugged, for the luxurious foliage covers everything.

Kandy is the holy city of the Buddhists. Here all the relics of Buddha are kept. We arrived at eleven o'clock, in time for breakfast, with keen appetites. It would be difficult to imagine a scene of more perfect Oriental beauty than the view from the corridor of the "Queen's Hotel." The town is surrounded on all sides by green hills; its situation reminded me more of Ouray, Colorado, than any place I can think of, although it has none of the bold scenery of the Rockies.

An artificial lake—"artificial" the guide called it,—named Lake Maha, or Great Lake, lies within a few rods of the hotel. It is surrounded by a low parapet of stone indented like a castle wall. In the centre of the lake is a beautiful islet covered with trees and vines whose branches hang down into the water. This lake is the work of an early Rajah. No fishing is allowed there, nor are boats permitted on it.

Among the green, vine-clad hills about Kandy one can catch glimpses of white villas. These, with their gilded domes, and the little red-tiled shops, the many hanging baskets that make gay the colonnades, and the inhabitants in the garb of many nations and many castes, make a striking picture.

But it is chiefly the temple, and above all "The Tooth" that the idle visitor, as well as the devout worshipper, comes to see. The temple, which was

built in the fourteenth century, is only a short walk from the Queen's Hotel. As we strolled "Lady Gordon's walk," trying to attune our spirits to the sacred place, we were accosted by an intelligent guide whom we at once engaged. We determined to look neither to the right nor to the left, for we had found that an enquiring glance often cost us a fee.

At the entrance of the temple are massive stone steps carved with many hieroglyphics. On either side of these steps are pools in which live sacred turtles. There are fifty of these, and they are supposed to be reincarnated. They paddle about and stretch their necks in the same ungainly way as their cousins, the plebeian turtles of the Gulf Coast.

"See how the little things love the sunshine," said the guide, as some of them crawled up on the edges of the pool.

To one who has the time and inclination to delve into the mysteries of Buddhism, this temple offers especial advantages, and even one who passes hastily through it will find much to interest, much to amuse, and, I was about to say, much to sadden. But why should we not rather rejoice that these people have found a faith so satisfying to their souls?

All about this sacred temple are ropes hung with flags intended for offerings, but which now more than anything else suggest a doll's washing. We skirted about for some time in the outer courts; we visited the Hall of Justice, where to the present day Court is held, and passed through corridors where worship-

pers were squatting about, chanting their songs or absorbed in their silent devotions. Others of them were absorbed in their efforts to turn an honest penny by selling the flowers which had been brought as offerings and had served their purpose.

In the outer court is an illustrative frieze of rude pictures representing the punishments that await those who break the commandments of Buddha. Women who disobey their husbands are pecked to death by crows; extortionate tax-collectors are run through with sharp irons. Many other sins have their just punishments, but these two appeared to me to be most singular.

We did not pay as much attention to this, however, as we might have if we had not been thinking of The Tooth, but at last we were sufficiently initiated to enter the Holy of Holies, which we were allowed to do on paying a rupee. The air was heavy with the perfume of flowers, many thousands of which are offered every day at this shrine, only the corollas being used. The flowers are of two kinds: the fragrant champac, or flower of the temple-tree; and the blossoms of the ironwood or Na-Tree. Both these flowers are white, with a slight dash of pink. Their odor is as distinct and as oppressive as that of the jessamine or tuberose. The chief image of Buddha is of pure crystal and is kept enclosed in a cabinet of silver and ivory. This was opened for us to look into. Just at this time I could not refrain from asking about The Tooth. The guide pointed to the

awful sanctuary, to reach which you must pass two pairs of large elephants' tusks which serve as a portal. There is a wonderful door to this shrine, but we were told that it would not be opened until six, when the devout came to worship.

"Can't we see The Tooth?" we asked, very much aggrieved.

"At six," was the reply. But we afterwards learned that The Tooth was never exhibited except on state occasions, and then with much ceremony; and that only the box in which it reposes is ordinarily seen. The Tooth is described as an oblong piece of discolored ivory, tapering to a point, and about one and one-fourth inches in length and a half-inch diameter at the base. It is said that it does not in the least resemble a human tooth, but looks much more like that of a pig or a crocodile.

Like many another tooth, this one has given a great deal of trouble. An Indian princess is said to have carried it for some time in her dusky tresses. The Brahmins have made many efforts to destroy this tooth, but, like "truth crushed to earth," it has each time risen again, at the same time performing the most beautiful miracles. It now rests in a shrine studded with rubies, emeralds, and other precious stones. It is not the only fake that has found a rich resting-place. We were disappointed at not seeing all the precious jewels, but we consoled ourselves with the thought that when we reached New York we could look at jewels to our hearts' content.

The Library is a place well worth visiting. After climbing steep stairs and squeezing through a trap-door, we found ourselves in an octagonal room, filled with musty old volumes. The history of the Buddhist religion, which is also the history of Ceylon, is here preserved on old strips of papyrus on which it was written with a stylus. The outer part of each manuscript is protected with cases of the richest workmanship, some of ivory and solid silver, carved in relief. One particularly beautiful one was ornamented with gold inlay work on a background of silver. Some of these cases, as well as the sheets of manuscript, are triumphs of art.

A large door of the temple opens on to a balcony where the Kandian king stood to review the people as they passed by on their hands and knees, none being allowed to stand in the presence of the king. Dreadful stories are told of the cruelty of these kings, and, when one sees how contented the people are that now dwell here and notes the general absence of what we should consider misery, one feels that the ninety years of British rule have certainly been a blessing.

Across the street from the temple is a sacred tree—the Bo tree—three hundred years old. This is the tree under which Buddha sat and meditated, and it is held a sin to pluck its leaves.

The drive to the elephants' quarters was very disappointing; or I should say, the animals themselves were very disappointing. We expected to see beasts

so fierce that we should take to the trees in terror. Instead, we merely climbed into our carriage again to escape from the importuning natives. Some of them pointed out to us the place where the three docile animals stood: another clambered over the back of our carriage in a manner that would have excited the scorn of a circus acrobat; another offered us a flower that he had just picked in the enclosure. We finally broke away and continued our drive. It led along a wonderful mountain road, the most beautiful that we had ever seen. High green hills were on one side; deep green gorges on the other—all a wild jungle full of monkeys hopping like squirrels from tree to tree. In places the ground was covered with the bright flowers of the tulip tree; the great, green accordion-pleated leaves of the jungle teak and the broad notched leaves of the bread-fruit tree mingled with those of the nutmeg and cinnamon.

At seven in the evening we took the train for Colombo. But before this we had a long and somewhat eventful walk. Having reached the station too early for our train, we followed a beautiful highway for more than half a mile, and then turned into a path leading, as we supposed, to another street. But no other street appeared. We kept on through the tangle of undergrowth and the native huts, through narrow alleys with no sign of an ending, with the red roof of the station in sight all the time. Fortunately we met two men in uniform, soldiers or policemen, and we asked them whether



FAMILY GROUP, CALCUTTA

that road led to the station. They replied that it did, and one of them immediately turned and led the way. It was well that he did, for I am sure that we never could have traced the winding path. We decided that in the future we should never explore byways.

On the train a man from Bombay occupied the same compartment with us and told us many interesting things about India. We had dinner on the dining car, which was far from a Pullman. To get it, we had to wait until the train stopped at a station and then rush for the car, which was just at the rear of the engine. There were two long tables in the car, and, as for the linen and china, it was perhaps a good thing for our mental comfort that we ate by the dim light of a cocoanut oil lamp and tallow candles. We paid what would amount to seventy-five cents in American money. The "lay member" said that such a meal could not be had in America. Her loyalty was creditable, and I wish I might confirm her statement, but I have seen meals not much better in the West. The object of switching the car on behind the engine was doubtless to prevent conversation and promote digestion. We were obliged to stay in the dining car and endure the noise and jolting until the first available stop, when we made a hasty retreat. We reached the station in Colombo at eleven o'clock.

We were thoroughly delighted through the spicy island of Ceylon. It has been said that when Adam

was driven out of Eden, he went to Ceylon. I am sure Eve suggested it.

MADRAS, INDIA, January 7, 190—.

From the setting sun, brilliant shafts of light illuminated the sky, as we passed out of Colombo's harbor; and night gradually fell between us and that gem of the Indian Ocean, Ceylon.

The voyage to Tuticorin is often rough; in fact, this coast is considered about the stormiest in the Eastern Hemisphere; but during our passage, Neptune was neither in an angry or a frolicsome humor, as he is in May or June.

We had now left behind the Buddhist with face of eternal calm, and were about to enter the land of the Hindu and the Mohammedan. This country is not entirely given up to these two religions, however, as one may see in Tuticorin, which is over half Catholic. It seemed strange there to see sombre nuns in white robes, walking side by side with their sisters in brilliant costumes, covered with many silver and brass ornaments.

In the station-yard at Tuticorin, rows of pearl-divers from Bombay were awaiting medical inspection. A motley crowd of Moors, Tamils, and Arabs, they sat motionless under the full rays of the blazing sun. They were about to start for a fishing camp on the northwest coast of Ceylon. We had recently read of these deep-sea divers, and we eyed them curiously. Two divers, each attended by a manduk,



HINDU WOMAN

worked together, using the same set of gear. After one has descended a half-dozen times or more into the water, he is relieved by the other. The weakest divers are said to be the Malays; they never go deeper than seven fathoms into the water. The Moors and Tamils, who are stronger, work in nine fathoms, and the Arabs, the strongest of all, in fifteen or even twenty fathoms. Between fifty and eighty oysters are collected at a single dive.

From the car-windows, as we travelled north, we saw fields of cotton, rice, tobacco, and millet. Miles of century plants and palm-trees skirted the railroad track. The villages of grass-roofed mud huts reminded us of Mexico—Mexico intensified a hundred-fold, and more tropical and picturesque.

We chose the unusual method of entering India from the south, instead of by way of Calcutta and Bombay, the two customary points of entrance and departure; and we gleefully made preparations for stopping over at Madura and Madras.

In Madura we were rewarded, for there we saw one of the oldest temples in India. It is dedicated to the god Shiva, and was built in the third century B.C. The more modern part of the building was erected by Rajah Tirumala Nayak about 1620. In the entrance are throngs of vendors of brass and pottery, with their wares spread out on the stone floor. Without our Hindu guide, we should have been lost among the endless colonnades of gods, thousands of them. A great many were vengeful; a few

benevolent. One of them, a bronze bull, was almost completely blackened from the smoke of incense burned before it. The bathing ghat of the worshippers, an enclosed tank, is called the "bath of the golden lilies." The water is green and slimy; but all who wish their sins forgiven must bathe in its sacred depths. We watched, pitying, for a time a widow who was at her morning devotions.

Upon the wall of the inner court, which surrounds the bath of the golden lilies, are paintings representing scenes of battle, and miracles supposed to have been wrought by Shiva. The seven towers of this butkadah are decorated with figures of men, beasts, and reptiles, illustrating their subjection to Shiva. Six sacred elephants are kept within the temple and used only when Shiva and his goddess Minakshi ride out for an afternoon's airing. In the festival seasons, garlands of flowers are placed about the necks of the images. During the good-luck month of Uttoroyana, the natives too wear garlands and rejoice.

After visiting this temple rich in Hindu superstition, we drove to the palace of Tirumala Nayak, a magnificent structure. It was arranged somewhat after the Spanish style of architecture, with an inside colonnade of solid black granite pillars, surrounding a patio. The great hall of the temple took over twenty years to build. The paintings in conventional design on the ceiling of the dome are most interesting, and we wished that we could have got



THE BUDDHIST TOPE AT SARNATH, NEAR BENARES

nearer to them for a close inspection. The palace is now used by government officials for offices.

The streets of Madura swarm with human beings, like a honeycomb with bees. Our guide, to clear a passageway for our gherry, shouted aloud and, springing down, flourished a cane of generous proportions. Finally we alighted to look at the shops. They are tiny and tumble-down. Before each doorway a space had been swept clean. Here the natives had made white chalk drawings in the red sand. This, with the scattering of flowers and the sprinkling of holy water, constitute an interesting religious rite that we saw observed all over India, but of which we never learned the exact significance.

Not a tourist was on the streets, and not a European face did we see, save two—those of the station-master and the proprietress of the rooms where we were to sleep.

Our rooms were in the upper story of the station-house. Little sleep or rest, however, did we have that night, for an awful din, coming from across the street (whether it was a wedding festival or a riot, we knew not), kept us awake until the early morning hours. Though not as refreshed as usual the next morning, we were cheerfully ready, nevertheless, for the train and Madras.

Progressive, commercial Madras—its wide, shady, clean-swept streets are a contrast to the intensified Orientalism of Madura. In the cool of the evening, we went to the market, and thence for a visit to

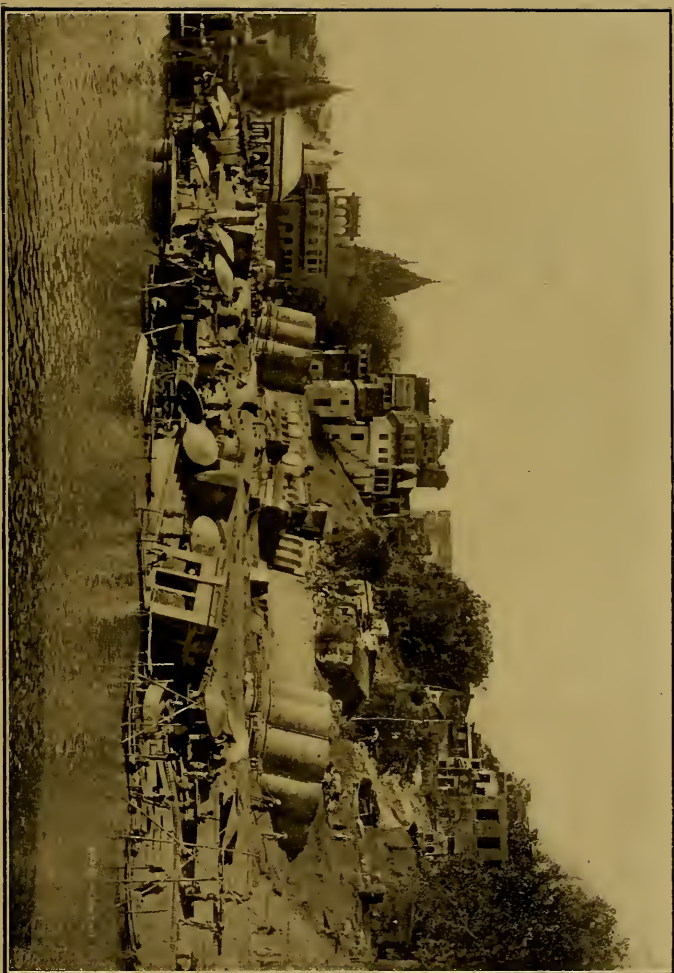
the American missionaries. A large compound surrounds their school, hospital, and residences. We were received by the Superintendent and his wife and looked over the school buildings, much to the confusion of a small Hindu maid, whom we discovered at her piano practice. The missionaries, in Madras and elsewhere, are very kind to travellers.

CALCUTTA, January 12, 190—.

Calcutta was in gala attire on the morning of January 9th, for the tour of the Prince of Wales through India was the occasion of much festivity. The chawringhee was decorated with garlands of paper flowers; the archways were gay with bunting; and at night everything was brilliantly illuminated. Everywhere was present the lavish display that Orientals love so well.

In the beautiful grounds of the Viceroy's Palace flags were flying. Footmen in scarlet livery hurried hither and thither, for the Prince was to leave by an early train for Madras.

After chota hazeri ("little breakfast") we began the round of the temples. In this land of over thirty million gods, the confusing subject of religion is ever present. With Murray in hand and three histories, and a more or less intelligent guide, we started out with the intention of covering the whole subject; but we returned dazed and crestfallen. The practical American mind loses itself amid the myriad religions of the mystical East.



FALLING TEMPLES AND PALACES ALONG THE GANGES

Though the Mohammedan and Hindu religions are as far apart as the poles, the people resemble each other so closely in complexion and costume that the only way in which I could distinguish them was by the fact that the Mohammedan shaves his head but not his face, while the Hindu shaves his face but not his head. Buddhism, which was first preached at Benares, is said to have been gradually absorbed into the ancient Brahmanism from which it sprang. The sullen, dogged Hindu face has not the repose of the Buddhist's.

The average uneducated Hindu woman has no wealth in land or money, but she is passionately fond of jewelry. "With rings on her fingers and bells on her toes, she delights to have music wherever she goes." Her feet are small, and her toes are covered with rings. Heavy silver anklets are permanently welded around her slender ankles. The lobes of her ears are mere strings, made shapeless by the weight of heavy trinkets. Her short life is not a happy one, for a little girl is an unwelcome arrival in the Hindu home. From the time the anxious parent collects a dowry and marries the poor little maid off to a man twice or thrice her age, she becomes the slave of her mother-in-law; and, if the husband dies, the little wife is held responsible for his death. The old custom of burning the widow with the deceased was short and acute torture; now her agony is spread over years of misery, want, and suffering. The Hindu woman has no freedom until she in turn be-

comes a mother-in-law, and bestows her revenge upon some other little unfortunate. Many high-caste Hindus feel the necessity of a reformation in Hindu life, and are doing all in their power to lighten the burdens of this caste-ridden country.

One of the long-to-be-remembered experiences of our Indian trip was our call at Lily Cottage, the home of the late Keshab Chunder Sen. This reformer did not embrace Christianity altogether, but rejected the worship of numerous and bloodthirsty gods, which is the foundation of the old Hindu worship. Sen organized a society called the Indian Reform Association, for the protection of widows, the prevention of child marriage, and the promotion of education for both boys and girls. The youngest daughter of Sen, and her husband, Mr. Manadobie, both of whom reside at Lily Cottage certain months of each year, greeted us most cordially in purest English. Mr. Manadobie is a professor in Calcutta University, and a graduate of Edinburgh. Madam served us perfect tea in a charming manner, upon an upper veranda overlooking an old-world garden. Through the trees in the compound we caught the glimmer of a tiny lake. A chapel adjoined the dwelling, and what caught my eye first, were these English words, framed and hanging in a clear light, "God is Love."

The tomb of Sen, and his bedroom, which is kept as in his lifetime, on this day were decorated with garlands of white and yellow flowers, for it was the

anniversary of his death, twenty-two years ago. The reverence of this beautiful Hindu woman for her parent's memory was touching, for she quietly slipped off her sandals before entering the bed-chamber of the Bramo Samoj.

The dress of a high-caste woman is very graceful. On this afternoon Madam wore a white silk robe bordered in red and gold. Upon her forehead was a single red dot.

One of Sen's daughters married Sir Nepundra Narayan Bhuf Bahadur, Maharajah of Cutch-Bihar, one of the most enlightened of India's greater princes.

Calcutta is named for the goddess Kali, the author of famine and pestilence, to appease whose wrath, in the old days, human sacrifice was offered. But English rule has prohibited this inhuman practice, and the dread goddess must now be content with sacrifice of sheep, goats, and clay figures. The Kali Temple is built on an island in the centre of an artificial lake, and is inaccessible. Shaded by giant palms and other tropical growth, it is a beautiful sight from the shore.

A drive to Fort William and on the Maiden at the fashionable hour of six completed our sightseeing in Calcutta—"The Heart of English Power in Asia." We viewed the beautiful turnouts that flashed by; saw the granite rock which marks "The Black Hole of Calcutta," and read the names inscribed thereon of those who perished on that night of terror.

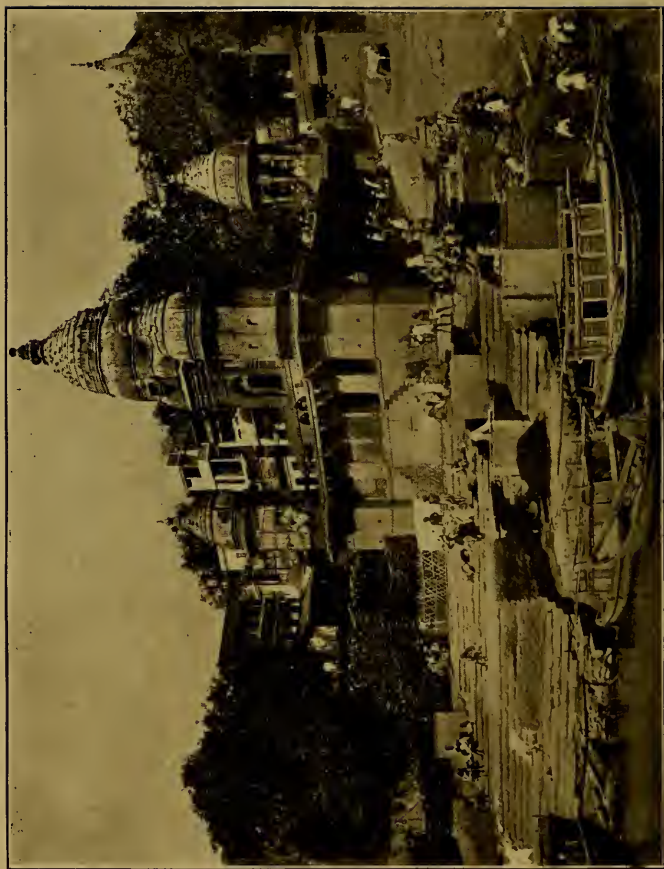
BENARES, INDIA, January 20, 190—.

On the way to Benares we had a glimpse of the virgin forest. In the tops of the scattered trees, monkeys played tag, entering into the game with obvious spirit. Brilliant paroquets, unafraid, viewed our flight through their native haunts. It needed but a tawny, striped form to complete the picture—but, alas! one cannot hunt a man-eater from the safe distance of a car window.

In the district usually cultivated, the ground was parched and dry as powder. We expected to have our hearts wrung by the sight of famine-stricken natives before we reached our destination in Bombay.

Those who complain of the discomforts of Pullman palace cars had better not plan to tour India. In the first-class carriages are four leather benches, two uppers and two lowers, each six by three feet and running lengthwise with the compartment. The uppers are hooked up during the day. Imagine sitting on the edge of these lowers for eight hours, without support for the back. With the bedding rolled up in hold-alls upon the floor, we felt like a party of poor immigrants. The third-class carriages remind one of the little sightseeing cars used in the Rockies for day-excursions. This similarity extends to the number of passengers, for the carriages are always filled to overflowing.

By many it is considered necessary to have a "bearer," who serves in the capacity of guide throughout the tour. A resident can procure a



THE MANEKANKA GHATS AT BENARES

retinue of servants for anywhere from three to five dollars apiece by the month; but the cook will not wash dishes, nor will the coachman feed the horses he drives. "Though a Hindu starve, he may not eat food prepared by a lower caste than himself; though he perish of thirst, he may not drink of a cup touched by an inferior hand or lip. To preserve inviolate the lines of his caste is the chief concern of his life."

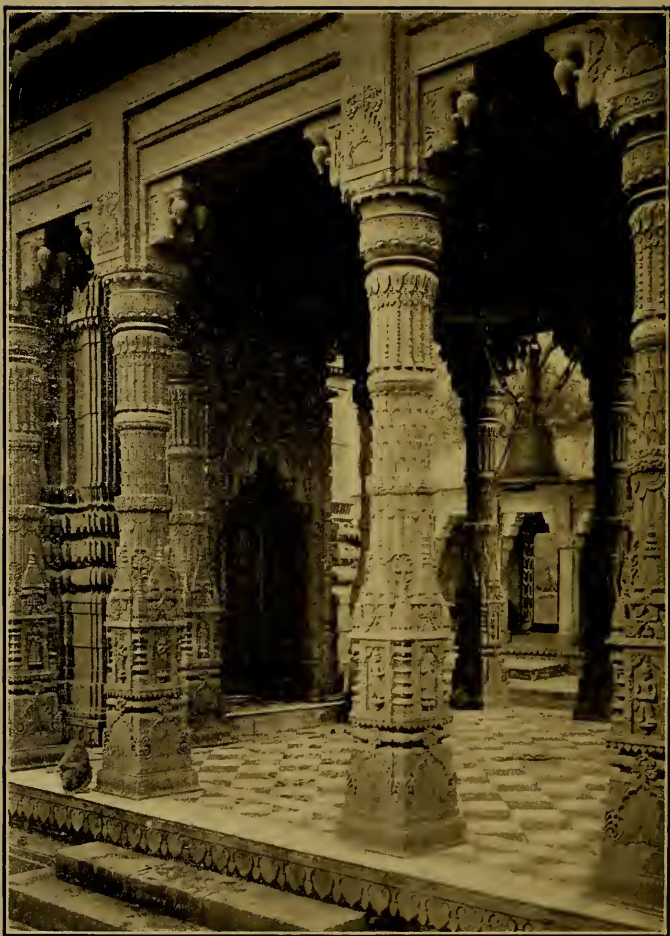
Benares, "The Splendid," is one of the world's oldest cities, and the most fascinating in India. A medley of pink, blue, orange, and scarlet-clad figures fills the streets. The priceless fabrics of cashmere and silk worn by the rich are in pitiful contrast to the rags and dirt of the poor. The river front of the city, which Aunt N. likened to a ten-ring circus, is a marvellous spectacle of animation and color. The beautiful temples, mosques, and palaces, however, are, many of them, in a state of dilapidation, and are slipping gradually into the Ganges.

Very early on the morning of the Hindu new year (January 15th), thousands of people throng the steps leading down to the bathing ghats. One and all, rich and poor, young and old, of high and low caste, meet together at this Holy of Holies, and, as the sun peeps through the mist of early morning, turn facing the light and send voiceless prayers to the Creator, Preserver, and Destroyer. Ashes fall and rise upon the worshippers unnoticed. The dead are brought to the river, covered with a sheet and lashed

to two poles. They are then dipped into the water and burned—the rich with sandal-wood, the poor often without sufficient wood of any kind—and tossed out into the river.

Upon the ghats sit the Brahmin priests under wide-spreading umbrellas. These priests are all-powerful, for they are supposed to be “especially created from the head of the Creator.” In front of them are little pots of holy water and red and white paste. They await the bathers who, after their ablutions, desire the god-mark placed upon their foreheads.

Benares is distinctly a city of Shiva, the Destroyer. Pilgrims from throughout the Empire, some of them too decrepit to walk, come to live as long as they may or to die in the holy city. The devout pilgrim must pray in every temple in the city, and there are many temples. Chief among them is the Golden Temple, so-called from its roof, which is covered with gold-leaf. The pilgrim must have drink at the well of healing which was supposed to have been dug by Vishnu, who sweated so at his task that he filled it full of water; and also at the well of knowledge, which is covered with green scum. And last, after a bath in the Ganges, if he survives, he makes a circuit of the city three times and returns home with a vessel of sacred water to give to the unfortunate who did not make the pilgrimage. Every native of means has a dwelling in Benares, even though his interests in life necessitate his living



THE DURGA OR MONKEY TEMPLE, BENARES

in another part of India ; and he returns as a pilgrim once a year to the holy city.

The most sacred animal is the cow—and the fattest thing in India. It is a common sight to see a devotee cross himself before a cow and throw a garland of flowers around its neck. Next to the cow in sanctity is the serpent. Nightly one retires quaking, lest a cobra be his bedfellow ; for not a servant could be induced to harm it. The monkey comes third ; the roofs of the houses are his playground. Even temples are named for the monkeys. There is a temple in Benares that is turned over entirely to monkeys and beggars, and is filthy beyond all expression.

Many are the myths associated with the oldest city of India. The Hindu says : “ Benares was once of purest gold, but through the wrath of Shiva, caused by the sins of the people, the houses have been turned into huts of grass and mud.” The Hindu must be very careful to die within the city walls, for if by chance he ends his existence on the opposite bank of the river, his future state would be in the form of a donkey. “ Even a foreigner is deemed worthy of a future home with the gods if he dies within ten miles of Benares.”

The Rajah of Benares, a very wealthy prince, keeps a boat upon the River Ganges at the disposal of tourists. After a morning floating up and down the river on the prince’s boat, we went to see his typical Indian residence. At the portals of the village of Damangar, which is the beginning of the Rajah’s

property, we were met by elephants decked out in golden trappings, with bells hung around their necks. In fear and trembling we seated ourselves upon the velvet cushions, and tried to look as if it were a common occurrence in our lives to visit rajahs' palaces, be met by elephants, and followed by crowds of Indians. Arriving at the mansion, we alighted with more haste than grace. Our attention was attracted by the motto of the house of Benares, written over the front door in Sanscrit. It is translated as, "No virtue like truth."

On the walls of the spacious reception halls are paintings of the noblest princes of India. Many were wearing a king's ransom in ropes of pearls, or crescents and stars of diamonds fastened in their turbans. In one picture the Rajah of Benares is seated between Lord and Lady Curzon; in an older one he is with the Czar of Russia.

The Palace was undergoing repairs, for the Prince of Wales was to be entertained at this residence. Handsome rugs form the greater part of the furnishings of an Oriental palace. This one and all that we have visited are as cold as ice—enough to cripple the inmates for life with rheumatism.

One cannot help feeling sorry for the poor Rani, wife of the Rajah, who cannot enjoy the state functions planned for the Prince and the Princess. She can never ride one of the six hundred horses in the Rajah's stable, and must live in strict seclusion, a victim of Indian custom.



A PRINCE'S MOUNT

Annie Besant's School of Theosophy, in Benares, looked from the exterior about like the average American college. We were conducted about this institution by a young professor, who has charge of the students during their recreation. It seems very funny to think of Hindus playing cricket and football.

Just in front of the main building, workmen were busy erecting a shrine. I asked the professor, "To whom will it be dedicated?"

"The goddess Minakshi," he replied.

The home of Annie Besant is just across the street from the school—a two-story building in a neglected garden. We might have learned something of theosophy that afternoon had we gone alone, but unfortunately a missionary had been invited to accompany us, and she tried so assiduously in the short time we were there to convert this one man that we came away none the wiser for our visit.

In the early morning, when the dew is glittering upon the grass, and the air is fragrant with scarlet and yellow creepers, the Residency at Lucknow is a scene of perfect beauty. At such a time, even with one's English history at hand, opened at the chapter of the Indian Mutiny, it seems difficult to realize that under the trailing vines on the crumbling walls are the marks made by shot and cannon. Tablets, however, are placed all about, commemorating the heroes who fought and died there. In the cemetery nearby sleep two thousand of those who perished in

that terrible uprising. Many of them were women and children.

Lucknow is the Boston of India, the home of the Mohammedan aristocracy. One district of the city is composed entirely of palatial residences given by the government to princes who remained loyal during the Mutiny.

Adjacent to Lucknow's great mosque is a great hall without columns, erected during one of India's terrible famines to give employment to the poor. It is built of stone, bare of all ornamentation, and is used only to celebrate special Moslem feasts.

Instead of temples, we now visited the magnificent forts of historic India. In these strongholds Mohammedan emperors built their palaces, the choice of a capital depending on the will of the ruler. So in Delhi, as in Agra, colossal fortifications enclose marble and sandstone palaces, evidences of the untold wealth of the Moguls.

From the reign of Akbar the Great until the end of the reign of his grandson, Shah Jehan, the royal splendor of the East was at its height. Akbar ruled wisely; and with Shah Jehan erected majestic palaces, which to-day are dismantled and pillaged, the setting only remaining to show the brilliance of the past. The Pearl Mosque—the private sanctuary of the Imperial family—and the public and private Halls of Audience are built of purest white marble. The other parts of the palaces and the forts are of red sandstone.



TOMB OF ITIMAD-UD-DAULA, AGRA

The tombs of Akbar; of Itimad-ud-Daula, father-in-law to Shah Jehan; and of others prominent in the state, are also of polished marble panelled in delicate lace-like designs. One of the most valuable diamonds in the world for over a century, imbedded in a column in the Tomb of Akbar, is now the centre jewel of the British Crown. Akbar is said to lie buried in a solid gold coffin.

Far above all other works of architecture, in palace or tomb, towers the Taj Mahal, a mausoleum of perfect proportions. From the sandstone gateway—which is in itself of more than passing interest—one sees in the foreground a garden with a hundred fountains, playing in rainbow tints, and behind this the minarets and dome of the Taj, shimmering in the sunlight. This is the precious jewel of the East, without price.

Over the marble walls, mosaics of coral, garnet, turquoise, agate, jasper, and many other semi-precious stones run in designs of tulip, iris, and locust. Right under the centre of the dome a lattice-work screen, of frosted marble, lets in the only light that falls upon the resting-place of Shah Jehan and his lovely Empress Mumtezie. Twenty thousand workmen were employed twenty-two years in building this monument of the unfailing love of the emperor for his empress. The epitaph of this tomb, translated from the Persian, reads, “Only the pure in heart can enter the Garden of God.”

Some writers tell us the Taj is more fairylike by

night, and more fascinating each time one returns to it; but I think of it most often as I saw it the first time, from the gateway.

Our guide in Agra was a Hindu of striking appearance, fully impressed with his own importance. Wonderful tales he told us of service in the South African War, and the winning of a Victoria Cross. We did not see this Cross, but he told us these things in so persuasive and serious a manner that we found ourselves thoroughly believing him. He did not permit us to forget his English education and Indian birth, and every morning, clad in spotless white, with a wonderful sky-blue turban upon his head and patent-leather pumps on his feet, greeted us with a salaam.

At the rug manufactory of Agra we saw little boys scarcely ten years of age, cross-eyed and well-nigh sightless, with skilful fingers weaving Oriental carpets. Over each group that is at work on one rug presides a reader, who in high-pitched voice reads aloud the design and color to be used. The confusion of voices was even worse than that in a class of Mohammedan children we heard at Delhi studying the Koran, in an alcove of the Jumna Musjid. This mosque also was erected by Shah Jehan, and is perhaps the richest in India. It is built of red sandstone inlaid with white marble, and is crowned with three domes. For a small fee the priests within show one a hair from Mohammed's moustache, one of his slippers, and his footprint in



THE MAHARAJAH OF JEYPORE AT THE RAILWAY STATION

stone. If one can judge by the relative size of the footprints of the two as shown in specimens, Buddha could have crushed Mohammed's whole body with one of his feet.

The Imperial Palace of Delhi is now occupied by a British garrison, excepting the public and special Halls of Audience. In the Dewah-e-Khas once stood the famous peacock throne. This scene of past royal splendor is untenanted save by curious tourists and Florentine workmen, who were at that time carefully mending a bird's foot, replacing a grape leaf or petal of some flower in the mosaic of the marble wall.

Over the entrance in Persian characters are these words:

"If there be a Paradise on Earth
It is This! It is This! It is This!"

Queen Alexandra's coronation robe was designed after the flower pattern predominating in the Hall of Justice. The shop on the Chandie Chank, where this dress was embroidered, is one of the best in India. It is fascinating to watch the men seated upon the floors of their shops, embroidering lovely gowns in silver and gold thread. The shawls, the enamel, and the ivory and wood carving in Delhi are most distracting. The bazaars, as a rule, are so tiny that everything has literally to be spread upon the streets.

The merchants and vendors bring their wares and camp outside one's very door; and had we wished

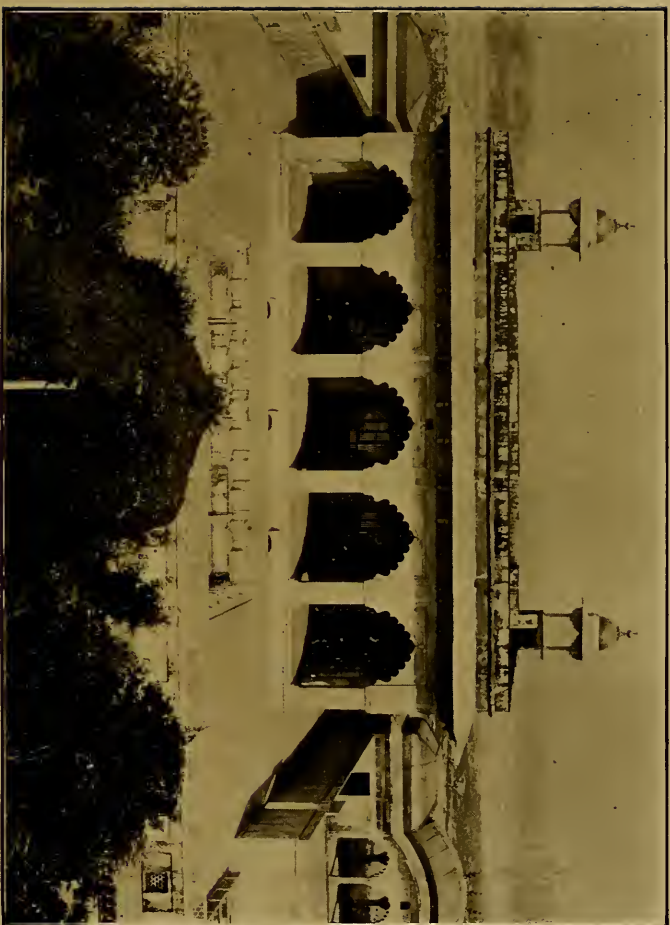
—which we didn't—we could not have evaded them. The necklaces of Indian workmanship, in seed pearls, uncut rubies, topaz, and amethyst, strung on filigree gold chains, were irresistible.

For one who loves the old-time markets and chili stands of San Antonio, the market-place of Delhi has thrills of pleasure. Instead of fat señoras dishing out tortillas, tamales, and Mexican dulcies, however, Indian merchants squatted upon the ground, chewing betel nut, and praising their goods to the skies in no gentle voice. They had for sale everything from fruit to “fat-tailed sheep.”

It was our evening delight in Delhi to drive around this plaza through the seething mass of humankind. One afternoon we saw coming towards us a man who towered head and shoulders above the crowd. We wondered where such a tall fellow could have come from, and excitedly poked the guide in the back to make enquiry. He said the man came from the Hills—wherever they may be—and spoke in so unconcerned a tone that we concluded the hills were full of giants. If Barnum, Ringling, or Forepaugh could get hold of such a man, they would weep tears of joy.

BOMBAY, February 5, 190—.

Jeypore is associated in my mind with execrable hotels and salmon-pink houses. We arrived, tired and dusty, in the late afternoon. As we had not telegraphed for rooms, the best that any hotel



SPECIAL HALL OF AUDIENCE, IMPERIAL PALACE, AGRA

could give us was two apartments, to be occupied at once, and two more which would be vacated at midnight. The rooms given us immediately were in the condition in which the last occupants had left them. Twenty-eight sheets were brought us, from which to choose the cleanest, or least soiled, all being more or less deplorable. But the unsatisfactory accommodations did not oppress our minds, as we intended continuing toward Bombay upon the morrow.

We made the most of our limited time, for we wished to see the old palace at Amber and the town residence of the Maharajah of Jeypore, another of India's representative princes. This potentate subscribed three hundred thousand dollars for ornamenting the city streets in honor of the Prince of Wales. The Rajah is considered an exemplary prince; but to democratic American minds, such an expenditure for display seems heartless at a time when great numbers of subjects were perishing from famine and disease.

The Maharajah's residence was deserted. Even in the gardens all life lay torpid in the sultry heat. The fountains were dry; the danger of drought is one which constantly threatens the city. The crocodiles in the Rajah's palace gardens seem to have the best of it, wallowing around in a muddy pool, eating great chunks of raw beef thrown to them by the caretakers.

We did not dare stick our noses out of the car

windows at Cawnpore, for there the plague was at its deadly work. The journey was soon finished, and we reached Bombay with sighs of relief.

Indian hotels are not as a rule first-class; from the average American's standpoint, in fact, they are barely second-class. Mark Twain in "Innocents Abroad" holds up to ridicule the Great Eastern, of Calcutta; but I know that if he went further he fared worse—for the hotels of Delhi and Jeypore are poor indeed. Agra, Benares, and Lucknow have more comfortable ones, built bungalow fashion, but the Taj Mahal (Hotel) of Bombay has no superior. The rooms are large and airy, and the baths luxurious. At the other places I speak of, the water was brought to us in ten-gallon kerosene oil cans and poured for our use into a large tin tub!

In Madras, Calcutta, and Bombay the native and foreign quarters are apart from one another; consequently these cities are more desirable for the English and American residents, though perhaps it is thus less interesting to the tourist than in Agra, Delhi, Benares, and Madura.

The first person we met after we had got settled and rested in that haven of comfort, the Taj Hotel, was Jack Ross-Soden, one of the four boys who had come to India for their vacation, and were shipmates of ours on the Macedonia. The two parties had great fun, telling their various experiences in detail. The Ross-Sodens had been in advance of us, taking in about the same places as ourselves; we



FORT ON THE RIVER JUMNA

had frequently come across their names written in the hotel registers.

The different crazes to which tourists are liable found our party ready victims. We had the brass fever to a marked degree in Benares ; rugs demanded our attention in Agra ; while embroideries and wood-carving occupied our spare minutes in Delhi. But the disease reached its worse stage, I think, in Bombay. We searched there for jewelry, and in a city of over thirty thousand jewellers, needless to say, we were kept busy. Good and bad amethysts, topazes, and turquoises were at our disposal. One must close his ears to the smooth-tongued dealer, and use all the eyes he has, with the assistance of a magnifying-glass, to make a choice, and even then one does not know what one is buying.

To divert our minds from these vanities, on the last afternoon in India we drove up Queen's Road to the Towers of Silence—a trip we had long put off. But for the vultures circling overhead we should not have associated the grounds with so unpleasant a subject as the disposal of the Parsee dead.

In the centre of the park is a temple to Zoroaster, where the sacred fires ever burn ; and rustic benches are scattered at intervals along the pathways. There are five whitewashed towers in which the bodies are exposed and the flesh devoured in a short time. As we were leaving, a child's body was brought in, and we hurried away, lest by chance we should hear or see the birds coming for their prey.

The Parsees are proud of the sanitary arrangement of the Towers. In the circular compartments the inner one is for children, the middle one for women, and the outer one for men. They slant toward the centre, where the rain washes the bones of the dead into a pit which is connected by a drain with the ocean. This pit is purified by charcoal. No one save the regular attendants, whether Parsee or not, is allowed within the Towers, and there is a distinct line drawn between these and other followers of Zoroaster.

About seventy-six thousand Parsees, followers of Zoroaster, live in Bombay. They are intelligent and public-spirited; many of the schools and public buildings of Bombay were erected by them. The Parsees are of lighter complexion and of much more refined features than the Hindus or Mohammedans, or even the Buddhists.

The burning ghats of Bombay are very like an ordinary wood-yard. In a clearing we saw five bodies in different stages of cremation. To the left of the entrance was the wood-pile. Very near the burning ghats is the Mohammedan cemetery, after one glance at which over the wall, we fled, feeling sufficiently subdued for that day, our last in India.

CAIRO, EGYPT, February 18, 190—.

Six idle, restful days passed in quick succession on the voyage from Bombay to Port Said. A number of army officers stationed in India were return-

ing to England on sick-leave; also some African explorers, who greatly entertained us with tales of "big game." Three Cambridge students enlivened the days with college songs and choruses.

An Italian count sat upon my right in the dining-saloon, and on deck in a nearby steamer-chair, a future Marquis read the days away. The first was a "kodak fiend," the second studiously inclined; both were amusing to me, since my knowledge of nobility of any sort is limited. I wonder what the American girl finds in a mere title? For my part, I liked best to hear the young Fifth Officer of the steamship Egypt tell thrilling tales of his experiences around the world in a sailing vessel.

At Cook's in Port Said, we found a package of letters for each of the party, and we chatted of home news while waiting for the noon train to Cairo.

It was the height of the fashionable season in Cairo. A gay, pleasure-seeking throng filled the streets. This city, situated upon the great highway between the Eastern and Western Hemispheres, is a panorama of lights and shades, dress and style, nationality and language, such as one would never dream of. To the Maoski one must first go, to see the Bedouin of the desert, the Soudan, and Arab and Turk, and wander about in a medley of donkey-carts, camels, men dressed in skirts, and women veiled so as to show no part of their face but their jet-black eyes.

The picturesque Suk-el-Fahhamir and the Khan-

Khalil are the chief markets for genuine Oriental rugs and fezzes. As in India, each bazaar is devoted to the selling of only one class of goods.

One can get the most characteristic view of Cairo from the Citadel, whence are to be seen white-sailed dahabeahs gliding gracefully up and down the Nile, tracing the river's course as it bends in and out of New Cairo and the ruins of the old city. Acres of alfalfa, growing in the irrigated portions of the Nile valley, show vividly green against the dull color of the sand-dunes. Not far away are the pyramids of Ghizeh, and in the distance those of Sakara. Beyond, the desert fades into the gray-blue haze of the Egyptian atmosphere. It is of little wonder that many artists, with books and pencils, come to Cairo for rare bits of light and coloring.

One may devote a day or a year, as one chooses, to the Egyptian Museum. The wooden, bronze, and stone statues there gladden the heart of the student of archæology, but in one not absorbed in scientific research the mummies of the Pharaohs arouse sad thoughts.

The pyramids of Ghizeh may be reached by street-car or by a drive along a shady road. At the terminus of the car line, moth-eaten camels are provided for the sole purpose, one imagines, of making the tourist ludicrous. The ascent of the Great Pyramid is accomplished with the assistance of three Arabs, two to pull and one to shove you up. A fellow-sufferer suggested that a fourth was needed



Sweetmeat Seller
Conjuror

Fakir
Washerman

DELHI

to carry something of a stimulating nature. After reaching the top, one is at the mercy of the drag-up-men, who produce from the pockets of their mysterious skirts scarabs and insist, "You buy?" One longs in vain for peace and quiet, for the three Shylocks at hand care nothing for the spell of the desert. In disgust one gives up and begins the descent.

Of course we were familiar with the Sphinx from many pictures and we had read history after history, yet we were surprised not to see the missing nose. One is fascinated by this mighty image and overwhelmed with a desire to strike it, as Michael Angelo did his statue of Moses, and demand speech from "the god of the morning." If a miracle should bring utterance from those stone lips, what knowledge would be ours.

While the dragomen give you a moment's peace, photographers fill up the time in entreating you to have your photograph taken alongside the Sphinx. These photographers should be run out of Egypt. Sensible people do not come thousands of miles for a grotesque photograph of themselves.

Like Rome's three hundred and sixty-five churches, Cairo has a mosque for every day in the week. Probably the old mosque of Amru is more interesting, since it is the mother church of them all.

"A prophecy predicts the downfall of Moslem power with the downfall or decay of this mosque. It is here that the universal service of supplication

is held, when a tardy or insufficient rising of the Nile takes place—a service attended by the Khedive and principal officers of state. Within the gloomy interior, its forest of pillars—spoils from the Temple of Memphis and Heliopolis—support rows of arches in the colonnades which bound each side of the open court.” A column, believed to have been miraculously transported from Mecca to Cairo by the Caliph Omar, was pointed out to us by our guide.

Mohammed, our guide, was disgusted with us for not crossing over the river to Roda Island, supposed to be the spot where Moses was found in the bulrushes. There are no bulrushes now, and the place looks uninviting, so we were content to look upon the palm trees from afar.

Mohammed is no use whatever as a guide, but he attached himself to us the day we came to Cairo. Once when the Aunt, in a fit of impatience at his colossal ignorance, said, “If you had any sense, you would make a good guide!” Mohammed in all good faith—meaning to soothe her ruffled feelings—answered, “Me love you like my mother-in-law.”

We fear Mohammed found us unenthusiastic about many things, for, after two-thirds of around-the-world travel, we were beginning to feel not unlike water-soaked sponges, suffused with myths, legends, and religions. We were saving ourselves, in a measure, for the picture galleries of Europe!

The bazaars (run by natives in un-native quar-



MAIN STREET, JEYPORE

ters) have tiny enamel Moseses in baskets; also mummies, locust flowers, and endless other trinkets and charms to catch the tourist's eye.

As we drove towards Heliopolis, we saw the orange trees fruiting in the Khedive's orchards, and we at once became very thirsty. A little further on we spied a tea-shop, opportunely placed for the wayfarer; and here we rested for a space, for it was tea-time.

I read in my guide-book, as we rested: "There is only one curiosity at Heliopolis, the famous Obelisk, sole relic of the ancient capital. The material is of the usual rose-colored granite of Assouan, the cradle of nearly all of Egyptian obelisks. It is covered with hieroglyphics, almost illegible, because of the bees having utilized the deep incisions for their cells." We proceeded on our way to Heliopolis to make sure the Obelisk was there, and on the return drive stopped at the Virgin's tree, where Mary is said to have sat and rested on the flight into Egypt. The present tree is a supposed descendant of the one that sheltered her. Close by is the Virgin's well, where the Child is said to have been bathed.

ON THE NILE, February 25, 190—.

Seven days' sailing from Cairo brought us to Luxor, the culmination of all our dreams of Egypt. What a happy week it was!—filled alternately with exciting experiences ashore and hours of blissful idleness, as we floated on through strange and won-

derful scenes suggesting a past so far removed that it was difficult to realize it had ever existed.

Everything about us was interesting—the comfortable steamer *Victoria*, our home for two weeks, whose full passenger list furnished many pleasant companions; the picturesque Arab crew; the mysterious river itself; the native boats with their towering masts; the life along the shore; and last, the shadoofs of two, three, and sometimes four levels, worked by lithe, bronze figures that deftly raised and emptied the buckets of precious Nile water to make the reclaimed desert “blossom like the rose.”

We watched, as in a moving picture, the procession of people and animals, ruins, villages, huts, minarets, and domes, silhouetted sharply, in that marvellously clear atmosphere against the background of sky.

Our Arab dragoman, Ibrahim, with his gift of many tongues, told dramatic stories of many points by the way—and, after dinner each night, gave in English, French, and German the programme for next day—his final word always: “Don’t forget the tickets! No ticket, no in!” Important advice it was, as tickets, issued by the Government at one pound each, were necessary for admission to all tombs and temples. In the scramble for donkeys, when an excursion was to be made, we saw his portly figure in the midst of the fray, trying to bring order out of chaos and to curb the aggressive spirit of



“WINDY PALACE” OF THE RAJAH OF JEYPORE

some of the members of our European contingent and secure fair treatment for all.

How constantly the donkey appears in our recollections of Egypt!—the many episodes of donkey and donkey-boy, with his ingenious schemes for increasing baksheesh, rather annoying at first, but by and by only amusing. Even those of us who, with increasing years and avoirdupois, had long ago abandoned equestrian feats climbed bravely into misfit saddles, and clung tightly, desperately to pommel and bridle as the little beasts scampered off under constant urging of the boys in the form of long-drawn “A-a-ah! A-a-ah!” accompanied by slaps and frequent twists of the poor little tails. Remonstrance was vain—each boy wished to head the procession, and gave no heed to our piteous appeals to go slowly.

We were soon used to small discomforts, however, and a fourteen-mile ride came to have no terror for us. At Badracken, a miserable Arab village, we began to appreciate the value of veils and fly-flappers, for sore eyes—so prevalent in Egypt—were here to be seen at every turn. The unwashed children apparently made no attempt to drive away the hungry insects swarming over their filthy, diseased faces.

The thought that we, too, might be victims caused us to tuck our veils more tightly under our chins and hurry on. We travelled the palm-shaded road, winding through piles of rubbish, which is all that

is left of Memphis, for many centuries B.C. the most splendid city of the world, famed for its palaces, temples, fertile fields, and noble trees, and its wines, fruits, and flowers. The spoilers came one after another—Nykeans, Ethiopians, Assyrians, Persians, and Christians—with fanatic zeal to destroy all pagan art; and finally the Mohammedans, who carried away the stones of the beautiful buildings as material for their own houses and mosques across the river.

When the great Rameses II. returned victorious from his wars in the East, he set up in front of the temple of Ptah a colossal statue of himself, forty-two feet high; we saw it lying on its back, broken and disfigured and nearly buried by palms and tangled shrubbery.

Nearby is another Colossus in a similar position, but surrounded by a stone wall, from which we looked down upon the calm face whose features have been preserved through ages of exposure to the ravages of the elements and man. Surely here was the text for a sermon; but, knowing there were plenty more of them awaiting us, we pushed our way on through ruins in palm groves, over green fields, and along raised dykes, to the edge of the desert tableland, to Sakkara, the great burial ground of the ancient Egypt of all periods.

Nearby, in a group with three others, is the Step Pyramid; older than the great Cheops at Ghizeh, and named from the terraced formation of its sides.

All the structures here have suffered at the hands of vandals searching for treasure supposed to be concealed within. A wonderfully interesting place is the Serapæum, the tomb of the Sacred Bulls. Long dark underground tunnels lead to the gallery containing sixty vaults for the reception of the huge sarcophagi of the holy Apis Bulls. Twenty-four, of beautifully polished granite, remain in position, but when they were opened by Marriette, in 1850, only two contained any relics. We returned to the river through scenes of present-day poverty and squalor, wondering what the old glory was worth, after all!

Each day of the journey brought a fresh pleasure—a new point to be visited. Only at Beni Hasan, near some marvellous rock-hewn tombs, were we disappointed. The turbulent villagers, in the absence of their Sheik, became riotous over the distribution of donkeys, and beat each other and seized and broke saddles and bridles (which belonged to the steamer). Consequently, the officers decided that it was unsafe for passengers to land. After much difficulty, the injured property was recovered, and we sailed away.

We shall always have happy memories of our day at Abydos—the perfect morning; the crisp, clear air; bright sunshine; and last, but not least, the fine little donkey, with comfortable saddle.

The first part of our way lay over a causeway built through lowlands next the river, where we met

a long stream of camels loaded with stone for repairing the revetments along the slope of the road, to prevent its washing when the water should be turned into the fields. Other camels came with lighter loads of alfalfa, or carrying complete families, out for pleasure or business; and now and then a baby camel was seen following its mother in the procession.

Then we passed through cultivated fields, planted with sugar-cane, wheat, barley, and the inevitable bean, evidently as dear to the Egyptian as to the Yankee; its sweet blossoms perfumed the whole air.

Seven miles inland, we came to the site of Abydos, with its grand ruined temple, known as the Memnonium, built by Seti I., and dedicated to the God Osiris. Seti's son Rameses II., the Great (whose mummy we had seen in Cairo), added to it, and with the characteristic modesty which he has displayed in many other places, inscribed on the walls all he had done for his father's memory, and honor, and the rank and dignities he held—but under the rough hieroglyphics of the son could be seen faintly the finer ones of Seti. "Envy, hatred, malice, and all uncharitableness" are no new inventions; and we may be sure that grafters and stock-gamblers were as busy in those old days as now.

Here also was the famous Tablet of Abydos, which gives in cartouches the names of the seventy-six kings of Egypt, from Menes to Seti I. Two



IN BOMBAY

rows of twenty-four grand columns are still standing. Near at hand are the ruins of another temple built by Rameses, which stood almost intact until the French occupation in the last century, when so much damage was wrought that only a portion of the walls, a few feet high, remains, and the delicately cut pictures, here as elsewhere, are cruelly hacked.

We lunched in the shade of columns and walls, and then, mounting our gallant steeds, travelled homeward to the river by the same pleasant route by which we had come in the morning.

By such steps we journeyed four hundred and fifty miles till we came to Luxor. This is the Mecca of travellers in Egypt, for close beside it are the ruins of the temples of ancient Thebes.

On our first evening in Luxor, with our boat moored just below the shadow of the mighty temple, we stood on the high bank at sunset, surrounded by a curious, chattering crowd of natives. We heard the Muezzin in his tower calling the hour of prayer, and felt the hush that followed. Across the river lay the long stretch of desert, its indescribable coloring backed by purple and pinkish violet mountains; and between them and us, above and around all, a flood of glorious yellow light! Just such tints one has seen in paintings of Egypt, and wondered if they could be true to nature. Here they are in reality, brighter, yet softer than an artist's brush could show them.

Thebes was built on both sides of the Nile, covering the wide plain, with mountains east and west of it. After the decay of Memphis, Thebes became the chief city of Egypt. Of the splendor of its temples, palaces, monuments, and tombs, its "hundred gates," its thousands of soldiers and war chariots, famous throughout the then known world, to-day only ruins, robbed of gold and silver ornaments and precious stones, remain. But these, fortunately, under English rule are carefully cherished, and visitors may see and enjoy them.

Within the village and close to the river is the great temple of "Amen in the South," part of whose walls are standing, with rows of huge columns forming grand colonnades, many statues, whole or broken, and one of a pair of obelisks, eighty feet high, that stood before the pylon of the temple. Its companion is in the Place de la Concorde in Paris.

This temple at Luxor was connected with Karnak, "the holy ground," where stood the "House of Amen in the North," by an avenue more than a mile long, which is flanked with rows of sphinxes.

At the end of this avenue a second and smaller one, ornamented with ram-headed sphinxes, leads on the right hand to a splendid pylon, of as recent date as the Ptolemy era. Passing through the arch of the pylon one enters another sphinx avenue, which leads to the temple built by Rameses III. Four grand



(Courtesy of DeWitt V. Hutchings)

A SHOP IN CAIRO

temples, whose statues, columns, and shrines it wearies one to count, are grouped upon this sacred spot.

Beyond the second pylon, guarded by colossal statues of Rameses II., we enter the famous "Hall of Columns." The twelve columns standing in the middle rows are sixty feet high and thirty-five feet in circumference, and the others, more than one hundred in number, are considerably smaller.

Further on are two more pylons, then two obelisks, one standing, the other fallen; then still another two pylons and a collection of columns, and one obelisk, the tallest in the world, one hundred and five feet high, quarried at Assouan by order of the great Queen Hetshepset (or Hatesu), the Elizabeth of Egypt. It took seven months to set this in position.

We went through pylons and rooms of columns, some of whose capitols were exquisitely carved with lotus blossoms and other designs. We saw walls covered with hieroglyphics telling the fame and glory of the builder and the discomfiture of his enemies; tablets of cartouches; broken shrines and statues; and finally came out into the open ground, and walked down to a shallow pool of water, the Sacred Lake, filled from the Nile and used for processions of sacred boats in grand religious celebrations.

From about 3000 B.C. to the invasion by Alexander the Great, this shrine of Karnak constituted

a "Hall of Fame," in which every king sought to place his name. Many causes have conspired to destroy these ruins—chiefly, the periodical rising of the Nile, the insufficiency of the foundations of the walls and columns, and the salts from the mud and earth in which they were so long buried. They are well taken care of; during our visit, workmen were strengthening a falling column. One whole happy day we roamed and dreamed in Karnak, and we still hope some kind turn of Fortune's wheel may send us there again.

THE ANGLO-AMERICAN NILE STEAMER VICTORIA,

AT LUXOR, UPPER EGYPT, February 27, 190—.

After several days of weary wanderings among the hoary ruins of old Thebes—Luxor, Karnak, the Ramesseum, Afu-al-Kurna, Der Al Barri, the Tombs of the Kings, the Tombs of the Queens—we were glad to rest at evening in the comfortable deck-chairs of our steamer.

What an hour for reverie! To the west stretched the long shadowy range of Libyan mountains. Deep in the heart of these mountains sleep long dynasties of Egypt's kings. Many of them went to their rest in the Morning of the World, and have slept away the centuries in the darkness and silence of their rock-hewn, sculptured, and painted sepulchres undisturbed by the pillage and destruction wrought by conquering invaders, while their own glory has been fading from the memory of the world, and the



THE AVENUE OF SPHINXES

work of their hands, their pillared temples and great cities, have been crumbling back to dust. Still they sleep on, heedless of the passing centuries and the obliteration of the world they knew. Not all, however, remain in the beds where they were laid so long ago. Many have been ruthlessly stolen away ages ago by thieves in search of plunder, and have found their way into the museums of the great cities of Europe and America.

We saw the mummies of many in the Cairo Museum; among them, those of Seti I. and the great Rameses II. Among the "Tombs of the Kings" we saw that of Amenophis I. He still sleeps in his "storied urn," or rather sarcophagus, of polished granite, in his beautiful mortuary chamber deep down in the mountains, where he was laid to rest more than a thousand years before Christ was born at Bethlehem! The lid of his sarcophagus had been moved back, and the wrappings had been removed from his face and hands. His hands were folded on his breast, and his wrinkled and shrivelled face was exposed to the light of an electric lamp hung from the star-spangled blue ceiling directly over it. What a flood of time was lighted up by the lamp!—flashing back from those cold, silent lips, over the lapse of three thousand years to the day when the last echoes of his living voice died away among the pylons, obelisks, statues, and walls of the great city, that is now only dusty waste of broken columns and mounds of crumbling bricks!

We went to see the temple and tomb of the great "Elizabeth of Egypt." Mr. Theodore Davis, the American Egyptologist, had the good fortune to find these long-sought relics. The mummy of the great Queen he has not yet found. It was stolen away by ghouls in the middle ages, but Mr. Davis feels very confident that he will yet find it. We saw his party at work one morning among the ruins in the vicinity of her tomb and temple.

We visited also the ruins of Medinet Abu, and several others of great interest in the western part of the plain near the base of the mountain. A little nearer, and lighted up by the level rays of the setting sun, stood the two most famous Colossi of old Thebes. The northern one, now only mutilated remains, is the once vocal statue of Memnon, erected by Amenophis III. The upper part of this statue is said to have been thrown down by an earthquake in the year 27 B.C., and to have been repaired by Septimius Severus "by adding five new layers of stone."

It is said that the statue was first overthrown by the Persian Cambyses (during his invasion of Egypt, about 500 B.C.), "who left nothing unburnt in Thebes that fire would consume." I have seen somewhere the statement that Alexander the Great set it up on its original base about 330 B.C.

Strabo visited Thebes about 24 B.C., and went to ascertain the truth of the story that musical notes were emitted from the statue at dawn. He says,

“I heard a noise at the first hour of day, but whether proceeding from the base or from the Colossus, or produced on purpose by some of those standing around the base, I cannot confidently assert.”

But I cannot record on paper all my impressions of these marvellous ruins! I must rely upon my guide-books, and my own memory, from which I am sure these pictures will not soon be effaced!

In the morning we entered upon the last stage of our Nile journey, the southern limit of which is Assouan—the First Cataract and the Great Dam.

After a refreshing sleep we rose at early dawn—in time to see the rising sun chase the shadows out of the grand old ruins of Luxor. It was with regret that we saw the weird vision fade out behind us, and become replaced by more familiar objects along the shores; the sand-bars, cultivated as soon as they are above water-high banks, picturesque, with the squalid huts of the fellahin among palm groves and acacias; all curiously mixed up with deeper impressions of scenes we had just left.

At half-past two in the afternoon we reached Edfou, landed, and had a most vexatious experience securing donkeys to carry us to the temple, about two miles back from the river. There were plenty of donkeys, but all of their drivers were equally determined to get a saddle from the steamer and a passenger. There was a furious scramble, as at

Beni Hassan; many saddles were broken, and some Arab heads, which deserved to be broken, escaped. Some of our ladies were sickened by the tumult, and turned back. Josephine and I finally got mounted—she on a very unsatisfactory animal, and I with a saddle having stirrups too narrow to receive my feet, compelling me to ride without their help.

The temple of Edfou is a fine piece of Ptolemaic work, and in a fairly good state of preservation except where the Copts (or early Christians) have “got in their work” of desecration upon the mural carvings. They tried to chisel out everything relating to pagan worship and idolatry—a task which they have accomplished more or less completely in many other ruins. The pylon of this temple, one hundred and fifty feet high, is a most imposing structure. The Egyptian Government has undertaken a thorough repair of the remains—but not a thorough restoration.

We returned to the steamer at about four in the afternoon, and had a refreshing cup of tea as the ship was getting “under way” to proceed up the river. The river was low, and the boat was frequently delayed by grounding on the sand-bars. The air was still and the slanting rays of the declining sun lit up the rim of the Libyan Desert and the gray, barren mountains to the East with a soft golden radiance that made the scene from my cabin window most enchanting.



PHILÆ

March 1, 190—.

At half-past six in the morning, after breakfast, we steamed up the river, and landed upon a high rocky bluff on the eastern bank, upon which stand the ruins of the Temple of Kom Ombo—built by Ptolemy the “Stout” (or “big stomach”). According to another account it was in existence “before the time of the Kings of the eighteenth dynasty,” was rebuilt by Amenoptes I., and was repaired and renovated by Ptolemy Pscychon, or as he was sometimes called, Ptolemy Kakergetes (the Evildoer) in contradistinction to Euergetes (the Welldoer).

In the guide-books is a good description of this temple. It is in the best state of preservation of any I have seen in Egypt. The pylon has disappeared, however, except a small piece at the southwest corner of the foundation in the middle. This temple stands so near the river that we could reach it without fatigue, and, what is more gratifying, without donkeys and donkey-men. The wind was strong and rather chilly (the thermometer a little below sixty degrees) and was filled with sand from the desert.

Assouan stands on the east bank of the river, nearly opposite Elephantine Island, a little below the first cataract. On account of the wind we made no attempt to land at the city; the steamer was tied up at the north end of Elephantine Island. This island was an ancient stronghold; it marked the

southern limit of ancient Egypt, and later of the Roman Empire. A strong Roman garrison was kept there.

The town of Assouan was once of considerable importance, and must have contained many inhabitants. One Arabic writer is quoted as saying that in ancient times "twenty thousand" of its inhabitants perished by the plague.

Ptolemy the Astronomer and Eratosthenes the Alexandrian mathematician located the Tropic of Cancer at this place—claiming that at the summer solstice the sun "illuminated a deep well entirely to the bottom." They were not very far wrong—the true latitude of Assouan is $24^{\circ} 7' 23''$; their error was of about $37'$.

After luncheon we went in boats up the river among piles of huge granite boulders to an island with high rocky shores—in some places faced with walls of cut stone, apparently very old. We disembarked at the "Nilometer," of which we have accounts by Strabo and Diodorus. By the side of the Nilometer is a flight of stone steps; nearby we saw a saquiquk operated by a yoke of oxen. This had the appearance of great age, and suggested the many generations of oxen that have passed their existence treading this "eternal circle," hearing the ceaseless groaning and complaining of the wheels and the splash of the water they dare not stop to sip.

The "Nilometer" is a well behind the wall at



IN THE LOCKS, BELOW THE ASSOUAN DAM

the steps, in which the water rises and falls with the fluctuations of the river. The stages of the water are indicated by graduations cut in marble slabs let into the wall. Elephantine Island is from fifty to one hundred feet high, and covered, to an unknown depth, with ruins. At one point appeared some remains of an ancient temple of granite, said to have been built by the Copts.

I saw a broken Colossus projecting near a modern wall of sun-dried bricks, and was told by our dragoon that it was a statue of the Pharaoh who pursued the Israelites into the Red Sea. This land of marvels and wonders puts one into a credulous humor, and I chose to believe his story.

After wandering for an hour or two among these dust-heaps of antiquity, we returned to our boats and crossed over to the town of Assouan for a stroll among the shops and bazaars. We saw an abundance of cheap trumpery meant to attract gullible tourists—and *I* bought some of it.

March 2, 190—.

On the next day, crossing the river in boats to Assouan on the east side, we took a train which carried us about seven miles around a rocky gorge, through which the river flows in a succession of falls, cascades, and rapids, known as the "First Cataract" of the Nile.

The road from Assouan has a northward trend at first—then gradually curves southward, past the an-

cient Assouan granite quarries—until it reaches the river again above the dam. There the river is much wider and deeper, expanding into a veritable lake. Palm trees, half-submerged, appear standing far from the shores. Directly in front of us is the island of Philæ, and the half-submerged ruin of the beautiful Temple of Isis. Entering boats, we were rowed out (a distance of seven hundred yards) to the island in company with a large party of German and French tourists, whose personal relations seemed very much like those of the proverbial “oil and water”; but which was *oil*, and which *water*, was not so apparent. The island is entirely submerged, as well as most of the ruins. Besides a dozen or more temples, there were in ancient times many houses and shops arranged along streets and alleys, forming a dense village or town covering the entire island, which measures one thousand four hundred and eighteen feet in length and four hundred and sixty-four feet in width. Of these buildings there remain above water only the upper part of the ruins of the temple of Isis, located near the centre of the island, upon a solid rock foundation; the upper part of the “kiosk” (sometimes called “Pharaoh’s Bed”); and a few broken columns here and there. Strabo says, “Philæ is a common settlement of Ethiopians and Egyptians . . . where a bird, which they call a heirax (the hawk) is worshipped.” We rode around the beautiful kiosk, admiring it from every side, and turned away feeling much as though



TERRACE AT MONTE CARLO

we were abandoning a friend chained to a rock and up to his neck in rising water!

We passed in and out among the columns and walls still standing, and over many more which had fallen long before the irrigation scheme became a *fait accompli* by the building of the dam. Although this impounding of the water of the Nile is unquestionably a wise and beneficent work, it was not without a feeling of keen regret that I realized what it meant—ultimate destruction and obliteration of these beautiful relics of a long past age!

We rowed around the temple to a place where there was an opening through a wall, which was only a few inches under water. By the use of landing-planks, we managed to get inside “dry-shod” and to reach the upper steps of a stone stairway, by which we climbed to the top of the ruin. From this position we had a fine view of the reservoir, with its island-like clusters of granite boulders and palm-tree tops. To the eastward lay the rockbound shore, and behind it the famous Assouan granite quarries. To the west the desert stretched away to the Libyan Mountains. To the north lay the long line of the great dam, a mere streak along the horizon.

After gazing until we were tired, and our ears were full of the din of vociferating Arab boatmen, we reëmbarked and proceeded to the west end of the dam. There we partook of a most welcome luncheon sent up by the steamboat company from

Assouan, and served in one of the buildings occupied by the officials in charge of the dam and locks. I then went out on the dam nearly to the middle, where some of the gates were open, and saw the water pouring through in a dozen or more foaming, thundering torrents. The sound is like that of Niagara. The volume and force of the rushing water may be appreciated when it is known that the sluices are five or six feet wide by ten feet high and under a pressure of thirty or forty feet of water. The dam crosses the river in a straight line, being built over what in summer are five separate channels. The total length of the dam is a little more than a mile; the width of the waterway in flood-time, four thousand five hundred and ninety feet. The height of the dam (one hundred feet in places) is such as to hold up a maximum head of sixty-six feet of water. Its thickness on top is about twenty feet. The up-stream face of the dam is vertical, and the down-stream face is curved outward, making it much thicker toward the bottom, where it is from fifty or sixty to ninety feet thick, according to its depth at different places.

There are one hundred and eight sluice-ways, arranged in sections at different levels. These are for the purpose of regulating the flow of water at different seasons. There is a stone parapet on each side of the upper surface with iron rails on which is mounted a locomotive steam apparatus for hoisting and lowering the gates.

At the end of the dam are four huge locks communicating with a deep canal nearly two miles long. These locks are built of massive blocks of granite, all beautifully cut and fitted together. It is all most impressive, and the quality of workmanship and material promises stability.

This splendid structure has made a lasting impression on me. It is worth a journey from America to see! We took leave of beautiful Philæ and the dam, took boats below the locks, and proceeded down the canal towards Assouan.

About a mile below the dam is another lock—also of cut granite—long, deep, and wide. While waiting in the deep locks for the water to fall sufficiently to permit the opening of the lower gates, some of the boat's crew gave us selections of Arab vocal music with "tom-tom" accompaniment. The weird sound, reverberating from the walls and gates of the lock, produced upon our ears anything but a pleasant effect. In the open canal the music was rather amusing.

On emerging from the lock we had a good view of the largest of the several cascades which compose the first cataract of the Nile. On the crest of the cascade, wedged in among the rocks, we saw the wreck of a large sail-boat; the crew had either been carried over the falls and drowned, or perhaps had "shot" the falls in smaller boats. "Shooting the cataract" seems to have been a very old amusement. Strabo says, "The boatmen exhibit a sort of specta-

cle to the Governors," sailing up by the rapid channels near the shore, and "dropping down through the middle one where the cataract is, and going over in their boats, escaping unhurt." On approaching Assouan again, we had another view of the old Nilometer and the creaking ox-driven saquiquk, and I realized with regret that we had begun to retrace our steps.

On the next day at noon our steamer turned its prow northward for Cairo. We stopped occasionally on the way back at the points of interest we had not visited on the upward journey.

MILAN, ITALY, March 28, 190—.

Four days we tossed and tumbled, to and fro; churning the turquoise blue of the Mediterranean into a muddy discontent. We groaned in spirit, and we groaned aloud, filling in the saner moments with wondering how the half of the party were faring who elected to cross by a small Brindisi boat. In books, the Mediterranean is ever calm, placid, delectable. "Why could it not be so on this, our maiden voyage?" we all complained.

My stateroom companion was a jolly English girl, who was returning from a visit to army friends in Cairo. The vessel had aboard the usual number of notables. The editor-in-chief of the *London Times* was the one most interesting to us. Lacy Lucky, "our writer lady," met and introduced him to the party. He had piercing black eyes, and his per-

sonality was one to command attention. He was just the man one would expect to find at the head of the oracle of the British nation. Our path again crossed that of the Forrests, and sooner than we had expected. Their plan was to leave the ship at Marseilles and journey on to London by rail.

After the rough passage on the Mediterranean, one welcomes the rugged coast of Crete as a safe refuge. Fortunately, it was a clear day when we passed through the Straits of Messina, and we had a fine view of Sicily and of the olive groves and quaint old villages of Southern Italy.

The sunlight filtered through the misty clouds hanging over Mount Etna, and we caught glimpses of the snow upon the mountain side. Stromboli looked like a mighty giant coming out of the sea. As we passed them, Corsica and Sardinia were mere shadows in the gathering gloom.

On the French Riviera, with its orange groves and vineyards, one cannot cease wondering at the wealth of loveliness. Narcissuses, hyacinths, and purple pansies are planted in terraces far up the mountains. In the valley, amid the clover fields, are pink-roofed villas, and upon lofty rocks, overlooking the Mediterranean, are the chateaux. The long white roads of France, fringing the coast, encourage jaunts by motor car, and we saw many scorching away for some place in great haste.

Sheltered by the Maritime Alps and surrounded by the most beautiful scenery in all Europe, Nice,

Monaco, and Mentone, the winter resorts of the Continent, rest secure from the chill winds of the North. At this season "the smart set" fills to overflowing these seaside towns. The wonderful exhibit of Paris bonnets and gowns would have astounded "Samanthy" of Saratoga fame.

At the hotel where we were stopping in Nice, we saw King Oscar dining. He looked every inch a King, though dressed in conventional black without a brass button or a yard of gold lace to proclaim his royalty.

Nice's flower carnival was in full blast; the spirit of jollification was abroad. The dripping rain seemed not to dampen, but rather to add to, the enjoyment of the merry-makers. The bands played and maskers danced, in couples or singly, down the avenues; and the rain poured on.

In the late afternoon we went to Monte Carlo. The Casino is a handsome building set in a flower garden, and commands an unsurpassed view of the Mediterranean. Elegantly dressed people thronged the steps of the renowned gambling-place. In a spacious reception-hall an orchestra was softly playing and refreshments were being served. Removing our wraps, and turning them over to a waiting attendant, we entered a room and joined the crowd that stood about the roulette tables. Most of the players were French or Italian. One woman, in a stunning costume of white broadcloth, lost heavily; while a quietly dressed woman in black in five min-

utes made a pocketful of money—and, no doubt, as promptly lost it. I should like to have carried off, as a souvenir, one of the little rakes the croupiers so deftly handled. The gambling fever soars high at this season, and towards the midnight hours standing-room is at a premium.

The scenery is just as beautiful on the Riviera in Italy as in France, but the fashionable throngs give place to crowds of peasants. The houses lose their new, well-kept appearance. They are old and moss-grown. Wide streets become narrow, zigzag alley-ways, the playgrounds of red-cheeked, brown-eyed children.

Genoa, "that seat of brilliant aristocracy of other days," is situated upon hills sloping down to the Mediterranean. The houses are built in terraces, like the flowered terraces of France; but there is nowhere the mapped-out regularity of a garden.

As we were mounting up to the Art Gallery of the Marquis Durazzo in Genoa, we came face to face with the Marquis himself, walking down his own marble staircase, an auspicious introduction, as we thought, to Europe's treasures in painting and sculpture. Hanging on the walls of this palace are paintings of nobles of past generations by Rubens and Van Dyck. There are other noble works by Andrea del Sarto and Titian.

In the Royal Palace we were ushered through the throne, dining, and breakfast rooms. The king's apartments are decorated in red satin brocade; the

queen's in blue. The inlaid floors of mahogany and olive wood were frightfully slippery, so much so that we were unable to centre our attention on anything save the maintenance of a perpendicular position. With fugitive glances at the gold and brocade furnishings scattered about, we hastily retreated and bent our steps toward the house all Americans seek out, the house of Columbus. It looked no different from the other top-heavy buildings of Genoa. There was only a simple marble tablet above the door, with his name chiselled thereon, to distinguish the house from its fellows.

Sheets of rain enveloped the mountains near Carrara, and Pisa looked uninviting upon the raw day we set out for Rome. We reached our destination at midnight, but it was not too dark for us to see the Tiber that recalled our youthful study of classical geography. One who sojourned in the Papal City twenty-three years ago explained, on a drive to the Coliseum, "The Village Improvement Society has been busy in Rome." So it has. It has swept the great city clean for the globe-trotter to walk its streets.

Though it was early spring, many of our countrymen had arrived before us. You need unlimited time, a rested body, and a fresh mind, and the knowledge that can only be acquired by months of previous study to appreciate even feebly the glories of Rome. We browsed, nibbling fragments, and endeavoring to content ourselves with a few things well seen.

Historians tell of the exact height, circumference, and the different architectural valuations of the Coliseum. But you cannot comprehend the sublimity of the ruin until you stand in the Arena, surrounded by its weather-stained, age-old decay. Ferns grow in the niches of the cells where once the beasts were confined. The galleries, rising tier above tier, are mouldering into dust. Soon the Coliseum will be restored so that, as in the case of a certain Venus I have in mind, no one save a savant will be able to tell where the original ends and the restoration begins.

Egypt's mosques and Rome's churches are completely different in the adornment of their sanctuaries. The barrenness of the Egyptian mosques is repellent; but the decoration of St. Peter's is so pronounced that it is hard to remember its relation to the Comforter of the Lowly.

Florence—the Florence of Browning—was damp and chilly. The inexperienced traveller is likely to imagine Paris and Florence as veritable flower-gardens whose streets are sprinkled with attar of roses. But the reality brings its disillusion. In the Uffizzi and Pitti palaces, however, are many old pictures dear to all of us, and these compensate for the other disappointments of Florence. There are, too, in Florence, as in Rome and Venice, scores of little cupboard shops, in which it is as pleasant to dissipate small change as it is in Paris to fling away gold for frills and furbelows.

In our haste to gobble up Europe, we took a night

train for Venice, which arrived at five in the morning. The memory of this rare, moonlit morning on the canals sets Venice apart in our minds and hearts from the other cities of Italy. The only disturbing element within the sleeping city, other than ourselves, was the tinkling bells of the milkmen. Fancy having the breakfast cream brought to the back door in a gondola!

The loveliness of Venice, like that of a professional beauty, is enhanced by evening. The twinkling lights reflected in the water-ways, the snatches of boatmen's songs, the gondolas gliding to and fro make the enchantment which is absent in daylight. Venice is miserably cold in winter, and scorching hot in summer. The canals of Venice in summer are thronged with children; what becomes of them in winter and early spring I cannot imagine.

For lovers of real lace, Venice is a Mecca; so we tarried long in a few of the best shops. Venetian glass in mass is bewildering; but a single vase—one fragile cup—is exquisite.

I fed the cooing pigeons of St. Mark's, while waiting for the sun to set. The coloring of a Venetian sunset, though brilliant, is hardly more so than that of many I have watched from our own veranda at home in Texas.

We were grateful for our day in Milan. The cathedral there inspires me more with a religious feeling than either St. Mark's or St. Peter's. Built in the shape of a Latin cross, upheld by a thousand

columns, crowned with dainty spires, and glorified inside with stained-glass windows, it is to me the church of Europe. It is a pity that the cathedral is cramped for space around it.

To those who are dismayed by my criticism of Italy, I will say that Italy is to be viewed through spectacles *couleur de rose* and not with the clear eye of impartiality. Italy lives in past glory, resting upon her laurels; and to many that is sufficient.

STEAMSHIP MINNETONKA, ATLANTIC OCEAN,
April 25, 190—.

With exclamations of admiration and delight, we saw for the first time the Alps in snowy covering. The tourist more often treasures in memory its sunny hillsides in garments green. The villages fringing the lakes seem about to slide into the water, so oppressively near them tower the mountains as if to elbow them off. Icicles hang from the eaves of the houses, which are very nearly buried under the drifts of snow. The men who congregated at the wayside stations, with their fur caps sprinkled with snow, looked like polar bears. However, the ice and snow had begun to break up when we arrived, and was melting into tiny cascades and rivulets that fed the lakes below. Even here delicate flowers were springing up in sheltered nooks, signs of spring's advent. We rested overnight at Basle on the edge of the Swiss territory, and continued the journey to Paris the next day.

The open country in France is as tidy as a child's playhouse, with not a stick or stone to mar the cleanness of the landscape. I fancy a lawn-mower could easily be used on all the country between Basle and Paris.

We arrived in Paris just at dinner-time, and found the city buried in a dreary mist. My neck soon ached from much craning, and my eyes smarted from much staring at fashionable gowns. The Frenchwoman is generally considered the model of fashion. Conservative American women, however, may find the colors on bonnets and gowns too pronounced for their tastes, and may prefer a Paris creation that has been modified in New York.

While the bad weather continued, we hunted for Paris bargains; but on the first fine day we were up and away to Versailles. Our ten days in Paris had gone, almost before we knew it: in drives on the Champs Elysées, in the Bois de Boulogne, and in many a quiet hour at the Louvre. We wished there had been ten more, but we were whisked away to London by the shortest route.

Having in mind the little rhyme which runs:

“There was a young man from Ostend,
Who said he'd hold out to the end;
But on his way over from Calais to Dover,
He done what he didn't intend,”

we maintained a horizontal position throughout the passage from Dieppe to New Haven.

As we journeyed to London, the wide stretch of green meadows filled us with a great content. We were no longer in a strange land amid the babble of foreign tongues, but in a place akin to home. The hawthorn was budding, and the gorse unfolding its yellow leaves just as they had been in the South Sea. We had seen peach trees in bloom six times in six places during the course of the half-year; and now was the seventh time within the year.

Ten days in London sped by with little rain to mar them. We then eagerly packed up our land-trunks, labelled the steamer trunks, and with glad hearts stepped upon the gang-plank of the Minnetonka.

The weather was bad and the passengers few, for the tide of travel was flowing the other way. A noted French bareback-rider, who was on her way to the New York Hippodrome, was on the steamer, and had her beautiful horses on board. We went one morning to see the horses. They turned their glossy necks and pricked up their ears at our approach, while their eyes seemed to inquire, "Why this strange imprisonment?"

Here is my last entry as the steamer approaches America: The time grows short, the hours few; but it is still long before we can expect the pilot to come aboard. We are, nevertheless, "packed up" and ready and eager to land. A mist of rain does not lessen in the least the excitement of our homecoming,

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nor does it entirely obscure Coney Island, our beloved skyscrapers, nor yet the Goddess of Liberty, whom we gravely salute as the Minnetonka creeps by. And as we greet loved ones, after seven months of absence, we feel sure that "homekeeping hearts are best."

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